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# Robert Emmet

Ireland's Patriot-Martyr

A Political Tragedy  
in 5 Acts

— by —

• • • Julius Tietze Tietzelieve. • • •

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R. AUERBACH,

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# ROBERT EMMET

IRELAND'S PATRIOT MARTYR.



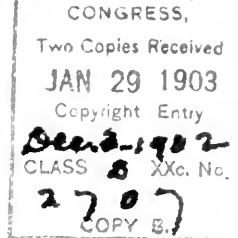
A POLITICAL TRAGEDY IN 5 ACTS

—BY—

JULIUS TIETZE TIETZELIEVE



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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, Commander of the Castle.

CORPORAL BARTLEY, of the Arsenal and Prison.

MAJOR SANDYS }  
MAJOR SERVES } Castleguards and Commissioners.

HENRY GRATTAN }  
DANIEL O'CONNELL } Parliamentariens.

CLANCY O'BRIEN }  
DONOVAN O'HARA } Agitators.

DENNIS REDMOND }  
TIMOTHY RUSSEL }  
FITZROY MCCARTHY } Accompeices with Emmet.  
CONLY MCCABE }  
GILHULY O'SHEIL }  
HERLIHY O'SULLIVAN }

ROBERT EMMET, An Exile and an Insurgent Leader.

LORD NORBURY, A Judge.

BARONET PLUNKET, Crown's Attorney.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, A Barrister ; Father of Sarah.

FIRST RIOTER.

SECOND RIOTER.

A COURT CLERK.

A JURY FOREMAN.

A RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER.

A HANGMAN.

SEVERAL RIOTERS.

MCVICKAR }  
MCGREGOR } Relatives of Emmet and Sarah.

HARRIET SARSFIELD, in league with the insurgents.

SARAH CURRAN, betrothed to Emmet.

Twelve Jurors, Castleguards, Rioters, Yeomenry, Search-  
Officers, Irish Citizens, Prison-Attendants, Sisters-of-mercy etc., etc.

SCENE.—DUBLIN-IRELAND.

TMP96-007342

## ACT I.

*SCENE I. — Kingstown Dublin. Before the Parliament building. The doors swing open and from the lit interior issue O'Hara and O'Brien resisting ejection followed by Harriet, Redmond and Russel pacifying them.*

HARRIET. O'Hara!

O'HARA. Ha! libellers!

REDM. Here!

O'BRIEN. What? give us gaff?

Then derogate us?

HARRIET. Nay O'Brien —

RUS. Mum now! —

O'HARA. Abash us

Like that?

HARRIET. Subside, do.

REDM. Ay, curtail.

O'BRIEN, Denunciate

In those ill-terms!

RUS. A truce to that and leave off.

O'HARA. Oh these defilers!

RUS. Quiet! I said.

O'HARA. Rancid.

Detractors!

HARRIET. Abridge a bit.

O'BRIEN. Those henchmen that

They be!

REDM. Won't you cease?

O'BRIEN. Ransackers,

O'HARA. Marauders!

O'BRIEN. We'll back

And set our cuspids of resentment up  
Their scullion arrogance, let Parliament

Bear as she does her mausoleum, and show  
Who's who in Paddyland.

(Exit with O'Hara into the building, the rest remaining.)

REDM.    A new incendiary.  
The fuse now, bye and bye the blade. Of Irish  
And English political animosity  
There's embers' surplus.

HARRIET.                         What had occurred with O'Brien  
May it be informed me and what withal  
Since at delinquency, I may not account,  
With O'Hara?

RUS. Why were you not thereabout?  
When the melee set a pace?

HARRIET                                I would not mope on inquiry  
Had I been fellow patriot Russel, for I was not.  
Let me tell you :  
I was sauntering languidly along the gallery  
Once Ireland's belonging, of that Parliament,  
Glancing o'er seats undelegated, when presto.  
The hum of an altercation in one of the lobbies  
Like the low-loud whiz of a forests' leaves, attraction.  
That way impelled me. I down and headforemost,  
And there a confabbing, pitch in a fracas  
O'Hara and O'Brien descried.

Rus. Redmond crayon  
Harriet the canvass. She, contingent in  
The Society of United Irishmen  
Should be given recipe, for that reciprocate  
Communion common.

REDM.                         This 'twas. The insult  
Of the Earl of Hardwicke, Kilmainham commissioner  
Presently at the Parliament, in possession  
Of an insurrectionary circular  
Disseminated by O'Brien and O'Hara. Myself  
As well as Russel warned them repeatedly  
To cease distributing them publicly  
But they !

They at the pace of recklessness outstrut  
 That of admonishment. For General Hardwicke  
 Attended by a staff constabulary  
 Apprized of O'Hara's and O'Brien's, with  
 A Squirrel's whap, out of the Commission Office  
 With feinting gestures to vacate the edifice  
 Demanded of the twain ; which ordinance  
 O'Hara and O'Brien challenging, an argument  
 Wherein contumely and the brogue were rasped  
 With the dignity of hardware, obscene no comparison,  
 And a long since suppressed glossary, (billingsgate  
 Being agate, this cambric to satin.) The procedure  
 Into a fisticuff culminating, the combatants  
 Apart were sundered, O'Hara and O'Brien  
 Being ousted off the premisses. 'Twas at  
 This juncture you then joined us I believe  
 Miss Harriet.

HARRIET.

What an episode ! Anxiety  
 In me a massacre foreaugurs strewn  
 With the piked and shillelaghed. Oh ! ever since  
 The Union Bill's enactment, by expedients  
 Extortionate, for its passage's consummate  
 Whose clauses fabricated peremptory  
 Annulment and the Parliament's disqualifying,  
 Annexing us as subjects,—ever since then  
 All Irishmen like when the Theban dragon  
 By Jason slain, scarce-sown incisors were  
 By sprouting warriors given the doorknob. Oh my heart  
 For Ireland pit-pats heavy ! Everywhere  
 About the capitol resentment permeates  
 With anger and expostulates even the very  
 Atmosphere. And animosity  
 (Ever goes that odium whether stillted or clogg'd  
 Crested or ciurassed or cavalier-fashioned)  
 Between the English and the Irish tosses  
 The tilted-for gauntlet, For whenever Celt  
 And Sax each other size, counter on the avenue  
 The incident marks unscribed a slab.  
 Oh, good, good God will it ever terminate ?

Rus.

Will Ireland never be free at all at all?  
Well, well, we'll see about that. But again  
Why these sore plaints? Let me convince you rather  
Though we have forfeit Parliament should not  
The trademark grief indeni us, Scotchmen having  
Their cud to maw o'er, ay I know for a bene vox populi  
And under Wallacian howitzers, whilst ours  
Was by the chink of sterling huckstered off  
With mortmain grip and with the slogan of  
"Hibernia delenda est ut Carthago!"  
Now is that right I say?  
Many a race has like its Parliament  
Skulk'd with the phoenix. And 'tis not that our Parliament  
Has foundered should make us con Jermy  
But the misstewarding misanchoring pilot  
Schould make a dragnetted man redrown himself.  
A minute. Who's ever forgotten try as he may  
With what perfidious and recreant jimmies  
The British peers out of our nation's household  
Our Parliament prodded bodily, how thug-like  
Disguised, on tip-toe, at negro midnight. sneakily  
With crook and drill fumbled the bureaus of  
Our nationality. stealthily disintegrating  
All valuables, ransacking us destitute  
Unto nudity! Try how you may, forget it,  
Who can? who may? Let go of that for one  
I will not. Contemporaneous Irishmen  
No quicker will forget this Parliament hold-up  
Than have forgotten our lineage.  
When Adrian the Pope ordered the Second  
Henry the king to budget himself with Ireland  
The, at that time, dekinged Dermot McMurrrough,  
Limping to Henry elicited re-ekinging  
After which there arose, as arises from a rapid  
A vortex volcano, to erect the genius  
Of wild-haired hatred nefarity's Fitzgislebert  
Sobriquetted by history Strongbow. This, as well  
And the massacres of the Ironsides of Cromwell's  
Hosts sanguinary whose enprimrosed crimson

Did with the pellicle of the battle's smoke  
 Make nephews and caused Irish bivouacs.  
 Oh, we'll remember the vale and mount of it,  
 At least I Timothy Russel will keep count of it.  
 And English historians assay to slander  
 To our chagrin the history of Ireland  
 As insignificant. By God, if it is'n't  
 The nonpareil, then 'tis charmedly disgusting  
 A struggling, a subjecting, struggles and subjects  
 Ingloriously glorious a record  
 That ever human weakness, and that ever  
 Inhuman wickedness and inhumanity  
 Superhuman in the extreme, disgraced with honor  
 The whiteness of a sheet. Oh by God it is  
 A history to set the fluid a-seething  
 That like the octopus in midsea's middepth  
 After the aqueous demise leaves frothy a will  
 That disharpoons Sindbad,— a history  
 For the Omnipotent to protest against  
 The sentences, the lines, that make the English  
 Story of the history of Ireland

REDM.

A story hissed, a hissed story of a history !  
 Agra l Redmond a solid grenadiering  
 To an ominous one with no brushwood bundle eithe  
 But bullock's authers ! Yet still I muse there is  
 A something deeper in this rabid race riot  
 Than the historian's mere prejudice it seems  
 To me at least. The feudal system I think  
 That incentive gives balustrade. For all  
 The laws brehonic based were on the tanist  
 By gavelkind, the canfinny through the ballot  
 Succeeding held the land in common tilla  
 Under amicable conditions. Then the land  
 Was districted in feofs, feofs in carucates  
 For the agriculturist's hoe and rake ; then too  
 There was a judgment court on Tara's hill  
 Where in relation to the infangthef  
 Breech of estate were lopped of by the occasion  
 Of the particular sacha according to

RUS.

The Sanchus Mor. For a tort had by a mulct  
 Been given condonement and the arraigned paroled  
 Prscribed by bail or by a pledge of frank  
 As may have been the case. But why do I  
 (Quote this in reference? merely to demonstrate  
 That the tanist system superseded was  
 By the (gold medals to the economists!) the feudal  
 Whose gist is hereditary primogeniture  
 Through the eldest,—the axle the spokes rotate by.  
 Ninety-Eight exemplifies that. Yet 'twas lured  
 To the Caudine Forks and passed off for a yoke  
 Of a Samnite Hanover to make peers bawl, so  
 Like our tragedians :—"Justitia ruat coelum!"

HARRIET. Yes, fellows in the canvass Redmond and Russel.  
 That then's that Ireland? She that was that Ireland  
 For seven centuries for ignorant Europe  
 Her university. And her resided  
 Aengus the hagiographer and Tighernach  
 The annalist. Alas! here sang Carolan  
 And Ossian the sightless Irish bards.  
 Columbkil here the monastery built  
 Of Clontowen; the prior Congal too  
 With Ciaran and Adamnan the abbots  
 Established Bangor Irish Catholic Convent  
 Here teemed with missionaries the Emerald Isle  
 Who evangelized entire Europe and here  
 St. Patrick preached the Christians daily gospel.  
 My hair on fire take, so flames my girl's mind.  
 The scholar Erigena, the astrologer  
 Dungall, the evangelizer Ferghal  
 Contemporaneously flourished here. Alas! —  
 A past, a ne'er-e'er effaceable past  
 Let me not open more pages lest their drip  
 The bloody tear and tear-fraught blood upon you  
 You're drenched sufficing. Dampen hope? nay not that  
 tempering  
 Hope in their spite ay spiting e'en with hope.  
 Is n't hope immortal? is n't life immortal? is n't  
 By-gone glory withal? A hearse to the oppressor.

Then pummel England, jostle all thou choosest  
The staggering it is, enlist the sympathizers.  
Thy freeboot tyranny but coaches the more  
Into Hibernians an amor patriae.  
Thy highwayman and wayside untanned boot  
The heel on our gullet the ankle on our chest  
The liberators has tripped. Erin's masthead-flag  
At half-mast waves but not entirely lowered.  
And I of Patrick Sarsfield's stock, I say  
Like the heroic Mucius who 't is said  
Singed to a stump his hand continued mum,  
We're subjugated but we're unsubdued.  
Invidious henchmen overwhelmed drop  
At the cheers of martyrs on the scaffold's platform !  
O'Hara and O'Brien return, adjourn we  
This curb confab, nor let excitement goad  
The passer-by's curio.—

REDM.

*(The doors swing open and O'Hara with O'Brien issue remonstratingly.)*

RUS. They're puffed ; there must have been high sea.

REDM. Begorrah boys, what's adrift ?

O'HARA. Bejabers and begorrah—

O'BRIEN. Scab-beset hybrid mongrels I baptize 'em.

O'HARA. Unprincipled by characterless I dub them.

O'BRIEN. Why fellows of the cause out of them

A bonfire with shaveling enough

For holocaust any pantrymaid could rear.

REDM. A gang of a set of a band of blacklegs—

O'BRIEN. Never flourished,

RUS. As these "my lord" political gamblers --

O'BRIEN. Correct.

O'HARA. To the Infinitesimal absolute. Gamblers, lobbyists, hoodwinkers, they'll stand you pat for any jackpot, the schemers and apostates that they are, bad 'scess to them!

O'BRIEN. The lopsided renegadoes !

RUS. Apropos of hand-gaff and bunco-pat in political poker, why Portsmouth gets a back number and jury packing a ticket-of-leave.

- O'HARA. Straight said. For in two localities alone demagogic larceny might stand comparing with this Parliament grab.
- REDM. And pray where's that tract of land by water surrounded?
- O'HARA. You're boomeranging it askance.
- REDM. How's that?
- O'HARA. Natal Bay and Botany-Bay,—water by land surrounded.
- REDM. I wasn't catchy I see, but England is  
For she was lahdy robbing us a Parliament  
And we obtusely handled letting her.
- O'BRIEN. So Poland lies prostrate, prone on her knees  
The Cossack fronting.
- RUS. So like by thug assailed  
She from the sandbag's drub of Turkey's inflict.  
Half-dead Montenegro.
- O'HARA. And you intercept the wheelbarrow, why you're dumped
- REDM. It's no use say what you will an agitator is marked a  
target crescent or tricolor.
- RUS. They go a-burrowing when the hedgehog dirks
- REDM. I imagine both of you were trying to distribute those  
circulars to procrastinated Parliamentarians who as yet  
haven't gone to London to join the new Irish-English  
Parliament.
- O'BRIEN. By the leger we were and right royal at it.
- REDM. But you knew Hardwicke was around didn't you? One  
would prognosticate as much.
- O'BRIEN. Devil a taste, but we didn't know he was around just  
then. Prior to yours and Russel's showing up we got a  
scoop of the tepid. And of course, as may be well  
imagined, after some retorts and backbite on both sides  
we sailed into one another landing in blows, for then  
the hops turned a brewing in earnest, they had us by  
the coatcollars the constables did.
- O'HARA. Oh we applied ourselves that of all the echoes  
Of terms exchanged resentment still redounds.
- REDM. What you should was to rouse the latently indignant  
Unstored in the deluded. Harriet  
What was the intelligence you had to offer  
Prior to the melee for now I ween you referred

To Robert Emmet.

HARRIET. I had, for I've received  
Furtive communication to the effect  
Of purposes intact and persons too  
More intimate with the exile.

REDM. Where is the tryst?

HARRIET. Glasnevin.

RUS. Is it possible an amnesty  
Has been already proclaimed to the expatriate?

HARRIET. There has. For so let me read o'er for you  
As we proceed along the contents of  
A missive my possession, as you'll see  
His advent's certainty.

*(Exeunt all except O'Hara and O'Brien.)*

O'HARA. Will you along?

O'BRIEN. A mind I had to take me to the quay, but well.  
To heavy-lashed vigilance dornock's up-drawn  
For the distributive hand.

O'HARA. No bigger organ  
Punctures its iris but under the gloat I stagger  
D.sfooted.

O'BRIEN. Will you go meet Robert Emmet?

O'HARA. I'll see him at Glenachton's.

O'BRIEN. Together then.

*(Exeunt.)*

*SCENE II. — Before Glasnevin Cemetery.*

*Enter Harriet.*

HARRIET. By full a trot outdistanced, I'm ahead  
At the Glasnevin gate. Welcome him home.  
Alas for the home and alas for the welcome!  
What sore ordeals Ireland thou'rt progeny!  
Pass surging meditations, pass —  
What nation's that whose brow is draped in crape  
Whose chest sinks fast as you receding moonset  
At midheaven's tide? Hibernia, 't is thyself!  
I see thy sacred shores by viking pirated

Thy homes profaned, thy temples execrated  
 The colonnade of thy glory splintered  
 Whilst o'er thy malls like gaunt hyenas gorge  
 The glut of ravage thy inhabitants.  
 Forth from thy gasping lips despair's crude wail  
 Like a lone Arab in anguish's oratory  
 Lost in the orphanage of wilderness  
 Oasis strikes none. Free tyranny's here calif.  
 And civil Patagons with feints caressing  
 With that uncompromising a by no means  
 Of the Horatii and Curiatii  
 The dolmen of thy pride make nihil of.  
 Nor that alone. But prone on ire's divan  
 The malagressor with offence parturient  
 Gives birth to massacre whose initiation  
 Into the coterie of the gibetted  
 Nefarity acquires. But be muffled  
 Thoughts of this brand. A shadow, then a step —  
 The figure and the feature of the exile  
 Up Chapel's Road a-sauntering and seeking  
 About for us. Wish he head this way. For lo,—  
 In traveller's suit he nears Glasnevin, on  
 The lapel of his coat the trefoil shamrock

*(Enter Robert Emmet.)*

EMMET. Excuse a traveller, an orphan to suburbs, just  
 Off Libbey's wharf, whereabouts may one find Glasnevin  
 Cemetery?

HARRIET. Hereabout's the locality.

EMMET. I'm obligation for instruction. Pass  
 The jaunting-car up Chape 's Road?

HARRIET. No down lad.

EMMET. From boot to wheel there's travesty.  
 One's limb become convinced of ancestry  
 When distance 's an age. Good evening lass for all that.

HARRIET. (aside) 'T is he! the same! Oh you untutored instincts,  
 Half-bred to recogniton fosterchild,  
 Shall the fate of weeds be his and fall in the through  
 And that through me. By an in-road I'll accost him.

Lad whoever it be that ye seek may I ask ?

EMMET. The roof of a patriot if any there be.

HARRIET. And there be  
God grant in Ireland a many a one. I recognize ye,  
I vow.

EMMET (aside) What? and my mask drawn off?

HARRIET. Beyond  
Thy previous traits what thou hast been thou wast  
And that thou 'rt Robert Emmet and no other —

EMMET. Toss up the cap suddenness, the surmise is fair-haired.

HARRIET. I knew ye for that, how should I else but know you.

EMMET. Is it Harriet Sarsfield then?

HARRIET. Herself.

EMMET. I can't help being affected.

At this reunion, for I'm he, I'm Emmet.

HARRIET. Back in the long run. Accept the heart's salute  
Of a cause's devotee. Reunions tear's  
Drop bitter when re-meet acquaintances.

EMMET. Erin! swooning evermore —

HARRIET. About  
Her staggering figure. It is, it is on Irish  
Soil, you're back.

EMMET. She's expiring.—

HARRIET. Bear off, she's  
Resuscitating; behold, she lives!

EMMET. To die?  
Alas! where be I? really in Dublin? is it  
In Dublin truly myself am? Where's Chapel's Road?

HARRIET. Over yonder's Chapel's Road, Robert.

EMMET. Oh God!  
Ireland! Oh me my country! thyself! thyself!

HARRIET. Small wonder the sight of her overcomes you.

EMMET. She's not the same — Oh she — she —

HARRIET. The lump  
That's lodged in the chest unbreathe, as would  
A man, as would an Irishman, respite  
Expatriation for reunion. Harriet  
Of Sarsfield's family re-welcomes you.

EMMET. Changed scenes! Can I believe when I behold

What I believed beholding? are her streets  
 The same? the houses the identic? (Intuition  
 Betrays me!) flickers still the wick of Irish  
 Nationality? oh, blaze these emblers? I land  
 An exile on the shore of Erin, I find  
 Her sprouting vineyards wilted, on her homesteads  
 Emaciate herds a pasturing, the woodland  
 Untreed, and from her suburb hillside hamlets  
 Persecution's din I hear. On Tara's wall  
 The harp of Carolan hangs mute—oh bruised  
 And bleeding, Erin's genius greets her exile! (*weeps*)

HARRIET. Och! ochone! ochone!

EMMET. Dreary, dreary

Is her situation, It must be quite late I ween.

HARRIET. Rather. By the way was it not up a year or so  
 You abode in Paris?

EMMET. The thereabout of a twevemonth.

HARRIET. What are the Despard folks about?

EMMET. I hardly know.

HARRIET. I perceive you're wearied.

EMMET. Wearied and worried.

HARRIET. The after-effects of a journey. Listen, where  
 Glasnevin's no depot to luggage about.  
 Intend you sojourning?

EMMET. I concluded abode

At Clenachton's; my all of my luggage lag  
 As yet at Libbey's; at an opportune opportunity  
 It will be transmitted me. So this is Glasnevin?  
 What a change has come o'er it? the tryst my letter  
 Bore, mention bears reminiscence sad. Here  
 I acted pallbearer at the interment of  
 Tone, and Fitzgerald all of which appears  
 As 't were yesterday. Oh 't is, 't is  
 To pince the hide for agony in slices,  
 Contemplating that. Demised of the universe!  
 I muse on ye! Decayed and chill ye nap  
 In beds siliceous, on sandy pillows 'neath sheets  
 Of sedge! Envermind and enmoulded remains,  
 Mourn'ing through the daisies' petals, the gibbet

Existence's lips having locked up. Through the gate  
I spy your final homesteads and I mourn  
At reminiscence's threshold. O Fitzgerald !  
And Tone, Oh ! gone unreturnably ! nay this—  
This, this affectation's stifling me—release—  
Immunity—for a feeling—hark ! it pleads in me  
To end the term of Erin's servitude.

HARRIET. Lad, bridle yet the prance of inspiration  
For it doth pant and froth about enthusiasm  
To slick o'rhapsody-

EMMET. To slam off prison bolts,  
Penitentiaries' casements unlatticee  
From death-sentenced cells emancipate her,  
Elevate her on a pilaster of suffrage  
That humanity might view how far her figure  
Inhumanity disfigured.

HARRIET. Robert Emmet !

EMMET. Forth, forth of tyranny's ignoble tunnel  
With freemen's pennon streaming heaven-high  
I'd lead my countrymen, face the adversary  
Upon the field; advance upon his legion  
And counter-combat his rank ; rushing fight  
With brand in one hand in the other a sabre  
Till victory be Erin's; then return  
Marching triumphant from the field of battle  
With drum and cymbal to the music of  
Erin-go-bragh !

HARRIET. Several of the patriots have come  
To welcome you. There's Redmond, Russel, O'Sullivan,  
O'Sheil, McCabe, McCarthy.

EMMET. Where ?

HARRIET. Over there-

(*Exeunt*)

*SCENE III.—Chapel's Road.*

(*Enter Redmond, Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Sheil, McCabe  
and McCarthy.*)

REDM. From Chapel's Road to Glasnevin, tumpli

The earthen sigh vouching a chest underneath  
One sees abundant.

RUS. Dead easy-dozing patriots,  
Their architecture's shattered.  
What of their life's pilaster, what of soffit  
Remained, they yet left us to emulate them:  
The trillith'd hopeful chisel, a cromlech to set us  
To vindication.

REDM. How sad the moon looks down  
On God's Acres ! how thrillingly chirps the trush  
A heart-breaking elegy bordering on madness !  
And look too at the whirling sand ! Observe  
The features of heaven are draped in ashy ire  
From out its iris of dusk shooting stars gleam  
A distant rumbling in subdued oratory  
Marks thunder's protege.

RUS. Persons approach.  
It looks it's Robert Emmet with Harriet Sarsfield.

REDM, Else who might they be ?

RUS. Very like my consideration.

REDM, Are you posted soundly ?

RUS. Barely, best elicit it.

REDM. Hist there ! uncloak !

RUS. They're of a race unvanquished.

REDM. Or Gaels. Hist there ! the shiboleth !

RUS. We'd best get about to them.

They'll never hear us unless we shout to them.

(*Exeunt.*)

*SCENE IV. Glasnevin as in scene 2.*

(*Enter Emmet and Harriet.*)

EMMET. Who may they have been who hissed us ?  
Give me a cue, Miss Sarsfield, for I fret  
We're encumbered.

HARRIET. Smut o'anxiety for distrust.  
Nor manifest apprehension. They are those  
On your home-advent, at a slick distance,  
On my commending, have themselves retired,

Me, in the mean appointing spokesman, hither  
To greet, approach you.

EMMET. Fraternity's fire rekindles  
Five years' benumbed estrangement. I rejoice  
That not unlike delinquents or absconders  
I set foot on the shore of the emerald isle  
Unawaited. A few devoted Irish yet  
Their patronage vouch a brother ostracized  
To retrieve and clasp the hand severed so long  
By the sharp blade of exile.

HARRIET. They salute !

(*Enter Redmond carrying a floral hoof. Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Shiel, McCabe, McCarthy.*)

ALL. Exile of Erin ! welcome home !

EMMET. Associates —  
Fraternally re-met ! (they embrace)

REDM. Our Rory !

R No, our O'Neill !

REDM. In recognition's token bear acceptance  
What poor allegiance could in profferance offer  
This our humble hoof.

EMMET. My heart weeps loudly,

REDM. Not ours. In ours 's imbedded the slogan  
"Erin-ma-chree," ensheath'd too the shibboleth  
"Hibernia mavourneen."

EMMET. God bless you boys.

Back again amongst my former. In time appropriate  
A cord shall rig us to our country's hawzer  
As shall unstanchioned not be, the barge of which  
Shall tug the anchor for the caulking. Lads  
In general and particular I ween  
We best not tarry tardy about, since 't may be  
Suspicion's spirit haunts the unordinary.  
We'll combined to Ballycorn, out of where  
At Harriet Sarsfield's residence we'll convene  
A forthright hence. gation for the hoof.  
Tiny little smilax and holly ! Shall we traverse  
Mountjoy or Fitzwilliam Square ?

Persecution's nurse shows up a trifle cheerily.  
"For invalid Erin," says she, "there's convalescence."  
ALL. Welcome, a land's right and a home.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT II.

*SCENE I. Ballycorn. Dublin. Interior of a garret.  
A lamp in full blaze on the table around which  
Emmet, Sedmond, Russel, O'Sullivan, O'Sheil,  
McCabe and McCarthy are discovered in conversation.*

REDM. Isolated and uninterrupted  
The younger part of an entire week  
With the enactment of the government  
Provisional, after the castle's capture  
Which we're to seize giving Hardwicke the trip,  
Older has grown. We had in the beginning  
Each other pledged solidarity win or lose  
By the proposed revolt and here this eve  
Settle for the venture. Robert Emmet, we  
Have acquiesced that you our leader be.  
Therefore, according to the constitution  
Of our society, rise and be initiated  
Prescribed for the incumbent obligatorily.

EMMET. (*rises and raises his hand*) In the awful presence of God!  
I do voluntarily declare that I will preserve in endeavor-  
ing to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen  
of every religious persuasion and that I will also persevere  
in our endeavor to obtain a republic peaceably, if pos-  
sible, forcibly if necessary. And I do further hereunto  
declare that neither hope fear, guerdon nor penalty  
shall ever induce me directly or indirectly to inform on  
or give evidence against any member of this or similar  
societies for any act or expression of theirs done or made  
collectively or individually in or out of this society in  
pursuance of the spirit of the obligation. So help me  
God!

REDM. Is everybody replete with a provisional?

- RUS. Everybody.
- REDM. Have O'Sullivan, O'Sheil, McCabe McCarthy,  
Got theirs?
- RUS. They have.
- REDM. I yield the chair to our leader.
- EMMET. Accepted. — Comrads, for the final rig-up —  
Be it to his credit, let the member apprized about  
What's to be perpetrated state if he choose  
All possible information available  
All plans have been submitted ratified,  
Is there anybody desiring supplementary  
Intelligence, have to his scrap-book's item  
Addition-giving clipping given?
- O'SULLIV. I was absent once  
So I'd like to find out from our spokesman, what  
The insurrection in the city proper  
Omitting all auxiliaries, out of the suburbs,  
To bide with us, comprises?
- EMMET. Three points, O'Sullivan.
- O'SULLIV. I remind me 't was quoted on. Hope you aint vexed  
Should a few more queries tug re iteration.
- EMMET. On the contrary, not at all, nof at all.
- O'SULLIV. What is the first?
- EMMET. Points of attack.
- O'SULLIV. The second?
- EMMET. That, — points of check.
- O'SULLIV. And the third?
- EMMET. Lines of defence  
Ultimately.
- O'SULLIV. Once known I'm at ease. Also where  
Is the main assembly to be, on time probated,  
Heretofore beforehand, on the arrival of  
Dwyer's Wicklowites?
- EMMET. Near Kilmainham Bridewell  
In Marshalsea Lane our depot as has been  
Through the pro and the con of the debate on that score  
Decision reached.
- O'SULLIV. The which is evident.
- EMMET. Who else?

- O'SHEIL.                    May I interrogate, where's to be  
Their lodging for the time being ?
- EMMET.    Where they assemble  
Of course.
- O'SHEIL.                    For those outside of our centre attacks  
Or outside of the others ?
- EMMET.    Presumably of the others.  
The gathering you see is to be in three. The Post Office  
The Castle and the Barracks. Thirty thousand  
Stanchest of the stalwart pik'd and blunderbuss'd  
Men of the invincible O'Dwyer I expect  
About there in thousand troupes.  
From Munster deputation of Cork and Kerry  
And from the bailiwick of Connaught  
Galway und Leitrim's mechanic I anticipate.  
To the subleaders of which written I have  
Of junction with us, with whose advent come  
Mayo and Roscommon. The whole brigade  
As detailed to participants particulars  
Knowing the when, the where, the how in solid phalanx  
Myself taking the lead a Roman rocket  
Giving from the bridge the signal, the whole of the line,  
Raising flag and limb and armor and forward march.
- McCABE.                    Will you let me chip in a say ?
- EMMET.    With the charity  
Due to the alm's-box farthing, in she goes  
And note her clinking. Well ?
- McCABE    All of the members  
Shall in their computations make 't unscrupulous  
An item, that the whole affair, in other words,  
The affair as a whole is to rotate about  
The castle and the castle solely, concentrate  
Their energy thereabout, the whose parapets,  
Gun-cutton in shale-oil soaked together with the portcullis  
The rupture give ; then past the overcome guards  
The bayley-wall proper from the underneath  
Make ingress. In the all of the interim  
We must see we land not tardy at the inception  
As at the finale out of the bushwack'd background

Which simultaneously that way tackled  
Will from defeat that much eliminate  
To saffron up expectancy, for captured  
The castle should and ought by. This is what  
I meant in tossing my word in.

EMMET. And well-toss'd, sir,  
It is.—Redmond and Russel there, one minute —  
*(they converse)*

MCCARTHY. McCabe d'yez ken Whippleforce?

MCCABE. The toll-gatherer?

MCCARTHY. Humph! he's sorra agra one of Lucifer's brats.  
I fret lest he frustrate endeavor, in the event  
Of carrying grenades o'er the bridge.

MCCABE. Arrah will he?  
Whippleforce's linen coatcollar will be tailored  
A bit the tighter for him then he'll skulk.

O'SULLIV. Now what do you think of that pals?  
The newly-installed street commissary Dartmoor  
Wont let us parade across Fitzwilliam Square.

O'SHEIL. I'll tell you what I think of that pal.  
Dartmoor's every bone in Dartmoor's body  
To the infirmary for general  
Repairs, a shipment gets.

O'SULLIV. 'T will tonic him.

MCCARTY. Bartley of the Eighty-Ninth Foot, communicating  
With General Hardwicke of the rising's progress  
Will to discomfit us, out of the arsenal  
Send the yeomanry.

MCCABE. Grit to grit, let him embark!  
The nearest lamppost Bartley's anatomy  
Shall with disgrace be graced and midst hosannas  
Follow the pendulum. For though hampered  
The first that creep in our road the pike's argument  
Plump into the entrails, to make th excrement out  
New auspices.

O'SULLIV. At all hazards, at all  
The uncrook'd straightness of a spirit-level.  
And by the by Majors Sandys and Severs —

MCCABE. What about them?

- O'SHEIL      The salawags ! the spalpeens !
- O'SULLIV.      They 're fury itself.
- O'SHEIL.      Oh, their distillate will be decanted for them.  
                   Pluguglies of that ilk, d'yez know their meed ?  
                   The bayonet's flat on their pontifical domes  
                   The gray-finned sharks.
- MCCABE.      The very thing they are.
- REDM.      The hurdle and the tether stand no better  
                   Than the demoralizer's lunatic antics, the show  
                   Wild Comanches would emulate.
- RUS.      Red ochre
- My boy, 's what counts in a revolution.
- EMMET.      The castle then
- Is the cue to the situation. Besides  
                   Is there a grudge we bear — retaliation !  
                   Is there abuse we stood for — vindication !  
                   July the twenty-third shall be the day  
                   July the twenty-third shall be the night  
                   And of that day shall be a night for tyranny  
                   And of that night a day for freemen. For  
                   Long have the squares of Dublin not been sprinkled  
                   Long, long indeed ; but it wouldn't be with the opaque,  
                   'T wixt pink and rosy the dawn-stain of the morn's sun,  
                   Blood-red.
- REDM.      Blood-red.
- EMMET.      The red of blood, ay carmine human ink.  
                   It will be either their's or ours, but likely  
                   Theirs with ours. For me, my blood I donate  
                   No matter the consequence, at any rate. (*bell rings.*)
- RUS.      The bell is tugged below.
- REDM.      The Parliamentarians  
                   O'Connell and Grattan surely 't is. They said  
                   They'd visit us and we've overlook'd the time,  
                   They were to be to have an interview  
                   With me and you.
- RUS.      It oozed out of my senses. I'll meet them.
- REDM.      No, go not down, let themselves up-usher.
- EMMET.      You do well there.
- REDM.      Will you abide the statesmen ?
- EMMET.      On the contrary, I right there follow gypsy.

RUS. I infer the meeting adjourned.

EMMET. Ratified.

Now since we need the statesmen not in the skirmish  
But only as a prop, let Redmond and Russel  
To talk it o'er with them remain. For us  
Embarkment for good and final. Swear to it  
Comrads !

ALL. Our fealty !

EMMET. Yet again !

ALL. 'T is pledged !

EMMET. And let the following be confirmed  
Both, ere the general launching out, as well  
As in the off and far unto, to these  
Tenets adherence. Let as much be known to us  
That the general fist in the proclivity of  
The tyrant's chin, go with the proturberance  
Worthy of the riotous, no sledgehammer handled  
But with the thud therets. This too as go  
Our legal formulæ be it known to all :—  
We Ireland's Irishmen of Irish birth  
Hoping there to die and be dead Irishmen  
Challenge the awkward despot to the arena  
Of decent manhood. Cast off the sitting pose  
And take to limb. All of you know the date  
July the twenty-third. Primarily  
Of all's the Castle to be sack'd, possessed ;  
Thence we will see what's to be next committed.  
Both, if you can induce as I hope I do  
Feel as you think you may the Irish statesmen  
O'Conneil and Grattan. A collective " we meet again !"  
Singly the grave for all, the scaffold together,  
And ruffle no coatcollars though groggy's the weather.

*(Exeunt all except Redmond and Russel.)*

REDM. Emmet 's an apt leader,

RUS. A born one not a thoroughbred.

REDM. Even those who would be led do not begrudge him,  
Were they even disinclined.

RUS. It makes me wonder

Why he would not abide with us nor help  
The argumentation along.

REDM. I suppose he's had  
With Parliamentarians the firkin topping, —  
None of them care to join where force's urged.

RUS. I see. Was it not yourself by the way, received  
Intelligence upon inquiry  
As the committee to consult O'Connell  
And Grattan? What have they said in rejoinder?

REDM. They wrote they'd favor us audience, parley  
On any parliamentary topic bearing  
On the Union Bill, since it is men that make  
A movement great, the rather than that great men  
A movement makes, wrote me in correspondence —  
(Same tendency inducement influencing  
To conjoin counsel) Grattan.

RUS. Jammed in the county  
The vote and voice goes against the manual  
And shoves the renegado by.

REDM. But I hope on them.  
They have quite freely intimated they would  
Consult with us, abet us with their view.

RUS. Tilt it with O'Connell, fence it will I with Grattan,  
Should we to fists, not iddle be the rattan.

REDM. A rhyme in time.—That much though let's impress  
We are dirk-front and point-blank in to-to opposed  
To catholic emancipation or  
Reform parliamentary. Our desire  
Being their indorsement of the outbreak's incipency  
Giving it so to speak influential sanction, subverting  
British aggrandizement out of usufruct  
And make of Ireland hitherto a dependency  
A franchized Irish republic.

RUS. What a term  
Inspiring is republic! A "republic!"  
Contrasted with the term of disrespect  
"Monarchy!" Will we be capable  
In persuading Grattan in persuading  
O'Connell? On the stairs there're steps. We'll see

How the vaccine operates.—

*(Enter Grattan and O'Connell.)*

REDM.

Percussive

I fret.

GRATTAN. This here 's Danny O'Connell!

REDM.

Pleased to learn

Of Mister O'Connell.

O'CONN.

And that there 's Harry Grattan!

RUS,

Glad to know you and happy to meet you.

REDM.

Be seated.

O'CONN.

Any odd seat will suit the nag.

REDM.

Kindly.

O'CONN.

Grat, where is the frail duck?

GRATTAN.

What frail duck?

O'CONN.

Why dont yer know there's ponds for her to dabble.

GRATTAN.

Get out of that hilarity.

Mister Redmond and Mister Russel we have come

The posture occupied by the society

And what 'll be consulted with us, made recipient

The both of us desired as it was a council

Directly threshold to the cause for which

To find us out.

O'CONN.

Now with no hawing and hemming

What's wanted.

REDM.

O'Connell, you're reputed cute-sighted,

You about divine what's to go on the program—

O'CONN.

Crease the sheet right there, I do not know

That a show 's in progress.

GRATTAN.

What's requested sanction

In what particular phaze must we the lantern

Carry and light the road, frankness and openness.

*(Redmond and O'Connell whisper and retire to one corner,  
Russel and Grattan follow the like and retire to the other  
corner.)*

O'CONN.

Thuggin thu, I hav'n't the rickets nor

The spavins of the stallion. Insurrection?

Are you long a fugitive from London Bedlam?

REDM.

With that incogruity we would monumission

As the bedlamite though O'Connel I'm none.  
Do not shake the head again for that means no.  
A chunk of a crust of bread,—but liberty!

O'CONN. Would n't you add some salt to it? pooh pooh!

GRATTAN. No Russel, not that plant of gallic growth.  
There liberty like unto the tree of knowledge  
Also imparts of death. So may you know  
For so conciliation but supplant  
That of coercion as you have my sentiments.  
But to incite to riot —

RUS. Only lysten,  
Only listen. Was n't there a reaction of  
The precipitate plebeans of Capitoline Rome  
When the senior Gracchi —

GRATTAN. There was.

RUS. Sided with the populace  
Whose lands sequestery brought on evictments,  
Trying their utmost's uttermost to repel  
The flagrant agrarian law. And was there not —

GRATTAN. That's so.

RUS. A Pilopenesian war. What Ireland  
Cannot in peace attain she certainly can  
By sword accomplish.

GRATTAN. Oh, delusion false,—  
The reason's forgery! No, Russel, this  
I had n't expect from you. Where does the road  
(God forgive me if I'm strenuous with you)  
Of freedom but across the scaffold lie?  
Go on, go on, you talk babyish, Russel.

O'CONN. Is it to this home for the orthopaeds you refer?  
What you want 's vanguard first the tassle carrying  
And the borne-along transparency? but wither  
To what end, use, purpose, notion, object?

REDM. And why —  
And why —

O'CONN. Hold to 't as 't were a hup-pleisham?  
And you'll do good, faix, you'll do foine indade  
If I may use the vernacular my Anniello.

REDM. No epithet, no epigram. That ill-ease

That 'll foster the reprooving sting and find lodging  
In our conscience that we spill blood to retrieve  
The liberty bereaved us, will not e'en be  
The tithe of a crith in the comparison  
To that extent as the ducal landfleece  
I'll tell you that much,—expectorate at leisure.

GRATTAN. You're still a skiffy buoy, a skiffy buoy.

RUS. Unbargeworthy or unnautical, which?

GRATTAN. I mean  
A boy, lad, I mean not buoy. I regret  
You 're 's yet a shrub.

RUS. Pray state delinquencies.

GRATTAN. Undersized you barely overlook.

RUS. For instance?

GRATTAN. The intricacy involved in the diplomacy  
Of international law touching a country's uprisal  
Itself under superior.

RUS. The dictum goes  
England's difficulties are Ireland's opportunities.  
What we count 's on the accomplishments of feints  
That are being pushed by the first consul of France  
In bridging the ditch to serve us for a crossroad  
Horatius-like in defence.

GRATTAN. I repeat you are  
A boy as I said.

RUS. But I am man enough  
That though a boy a manly act I'd do  
Than as a man a boyish one pursue.

REDM. Just to insinuate, with four fingers, O'Connell  
Slim of a fist expect. But, Oh, what justice  
England has given Ireland, Oh, what justice!  
The nabob has been truly gracious here;  
A door its trellis knows, a cub its matrix,  
The ingrown nail knows it o'ertight boot,  
We don't know when to cheer "The Irish forever!"  
We do know, thank God, when we feel famished,  
We do know who has a bed to retire in  
We do know too who have no roof above them,  
And you know as well 's myself I hope.

- O'CONN. Get to gunwhale.  
Where are your soldiers? where your place of battle?
- REDM. The daily Dubliner answers the bayonet  
The city's streets and avenues the battle-ground.
- O'CONN. And forts and barracks?
- REDM. What's the matter with the housetops?
- O'CONN. I have n't inspected them.
- REDM. Oh, don't you worry  
There are tiles that may be unshingled.
- O'CONN. To a resorting  
Of force? I'll have to shake again my head again.  
Much as I may coincide in view of reform  
(You may cashier me for any other save catholic)  
Much as I can't help being Irish in the groin  
I very much coincide on that score, Redmond,  
A restoration, an opportune one, Redmond,  
Of Irishmen's prerogatives. But what  
The say of yours counts on the riotous sentiment  
That all is mounted in the saddle's stirrup  
Why I can't exclaim I balk the steed but I,  
I in as much reiterate I enter none  
Nor any of the compact a rising would foster  
For the simple reason (since the reason's simple)  
Should it evolve in a sort of a flop in a way unlikely  
(Be 't far from my wish,) I should be held for treason.  
O'Connell would not bear this for all the Clives  
Since 't is a subject reckoned —
- REDM. For whom?
- O'CONN. For Dives.
- GRATTAN. Nay such an arm'd defiance  
Makes the full cleavage longer last than did  
The Limerick siege longer in area than all  
The giant causeway, that this lacerate land  
Needs agaric.
- RUS. Well then, how about consolidating  
With us?
- GRATTAN. Let junction have a furlough.  
You sort of remind me of the Kerry bookbinder  
Who paging a brochure did his stitchman enjoin

To mix no numbered folios up, no numbered ones;  
He thought, whatever's in order might be disordered  
By readjustment. I am disinclined  
In junctions preference.

RUS. Then I dont mind nor care  
That if we succeed and you stand aside of the revolt  
Prediction runs amuck or join or none join  
We're perforce adversaries.

GRATTAN, Lest you get horn-mad  
I'll give you that on a tip.

REDM, Just now dont you be  
Realcitrant a foal.

O'CONNELL. Is Dan getting fractious?

RUS. Grat you're obstreperous as far as commanding goes.

O'CONNELL. Let's off Grat.

REDM. You're both hounds dumbfounded  
If you desert us.

O'CONNELL. Jackass whoever joined you?

REDM. I challenge you to a debate.

O'CONNELL. I wont slander  
The platform with your presence.

REDM. Apologize!  
Retract or—

O'CONNELL. Or—well?

REDM. Or—

O'CONNELL. Or—what?

REDM. Get the deuce out of here

GRATTAN. God speed the United Irishmen, we're out with them.

O'CONNELL. Out with them? they're out with us, we're not they.

REDM. Get the door ajar and out with them.

O'CONNELL. Out with whom?

Dont you ride the buck too fast—

GRATTAN. Come down-stairs.

RUS. Both you will rue this.

O'CONNELL. Both you are Bridewell eligibles.

For who are with them that are out with them

That we should regret?

GRATTAN. An everlasting good-night.

O'CONNELL. Have nothing in cammon.



With whom I wandered in love's wayside wild

Bobby-a-Roon,

Caress of my youth whom I caressed as a youth

Bobby-a-Roon,

Besides whom I clung as Noami unto Ruth

Bobby-a-Roon,

Delight of my fancy whom in fancy I delighted

Bobby-a Roon,

What has my spirit's peace ever disquited

Bobby-a-Roon,

*(sounds of footsteps)*

Tramping on the staircase! the racket has ruffled

My pensive-fraught dozing into. Peace there's none

For my breast anywhere even in the short

Eternity of night. 'Tis voices I discriminate

Ay past all doubt; the worst can only have

Overtaken me. Wide open goes the door,

Let follow what may.

*Enter Curran in nightgown*

*Hardwicke, Bartley and search officers,*

HARDWICKE.

Let there be instituted

A rigorous search from garret unto cellar

Conjointly, out and out. Omit no receptacle

But every bureau every till that passes

Inspection, give it the jack of scrutiny

Turn the flooring to account spare nothing

Worthy of examination.

BARTLEY.

I will do so.

HARDWICKE. For the same take these search candles.

CURRAN.

Exercise care.

As is an Englishman's house his castle, so is

An Irishman's. I protest against the uncarpetting

Of the floor

HARDWICKE.

Much-imposed counsellor,

I'm sorry to disturb your tenure of living

With the thudding step of inquiry but I—

CURRAN. What about?

HARDWICKE.

Bear orders from the court of search

We've been informed with appurtnaining to  
One known as Robert Emmet, who's alleged  
With frequenting your domicile ; and adrift  
Much about the environments. Excuse me Curran  
Who's this young lass!

CURRAN. What's that to do with the search?

HARDWICKE. I merely ask to know.

CURRAN. That's my last likeness  
Out of wedlock.

HARDWICKE. A daughter of yours?

CURRAN. Look at the edition.

HARDWICKE. I'am constrained to catechize her. Miss Curran.

Can you tell us if Robert Emmet ever left  
Either out of haste or may be indifference  
Some inflammatory leaflets hereabouts?

SARAH. Leaflets? what are they? mean you budlets too?

HARDWICKE. I do not mean anything of that variety.

SARAH. I fail to comprehend you. How should  
Know of inflammatory leaflets? I'am ignorant  
Of any such a person as Robert Emmet.

CURRAN. (aside) Out of oath, twas soundly parried.

HARDWICKE. It is said  
He corresponded with a Sarah Curran.

SARAH. Oh "it is said!" but who said? who 's the it?  
I'am sure I dot know who Robert Emmet is  
I never heard of the gentleman Sir Earl;  
I swear to you I'am totally a stranger  
In the streets of accusation. And although  
The name may be familiar—(aside) oh my God  
If it should be aught to his detriment!

BARTLEY. Ha! circulars!

HARDWICKE. Read them fully.

SARAH. (aside) We're demolished.

CURRAN. Make none of your wry sour mugs over there.

BARTLEY. (reading) Irishmen of Leinster, Munster  
Ulster and Connaught! For centades have your immunities been  
monitored by British sentinels, an instance of which is the recent  
cockade-of-a-vigil, which the Union Bill so to speak acts perambu-

latory in your regard. shmen! will ye license yourselves to be bivouacked and reveilled by the tap of a mercenary sentry? will ye be the medium of a patrol to a charlatantly unepauletted orderly? Irishmen! smoulder yet in the furnace of your hopes the embers of independence? than stir its sparks into an incindiary of strife and conflagration! burst your cages of subjugation! tumble o'er its walling of repression! Oh crush them, dislodge them.....,

HARDWICKE. Cast up no more I scent the debris; let me have'em Sarah (aside) Saints of the prevailing church! stay him from harm!

HARDWICKE. What mutter you?

RARAH. I'm sighing.

HARDWICKE. 'Tis the loudest

Of all the sighs I ever heard — For whom then?

Sarah None in particular.

HARDWICKE. Evasion's incriminatory.

There was an object hidden in the fold of that sigh,

I heard the rustle, saw the sweep, but well.

Why has that bookcloset so many scrapbooks?

Scrape out the entrails of her.

CURRAN. Easy there.

HARDWICKE. With the permit of precedence—

BARTLEY. Give me aid officers.

CURRAN. Be conscious of the handling, Irish laws

Can he in versatile ways used. By Justitia

Whatever you're bungling there at the bookshelves.

See here, you'll tear off "Cavanagh's Contracts",

What are you now disposing of? "Kirk's Mortgages",

Let go sir, "Shyre's Property!" What is that?

Have you got possession of "Hopkinson's Evidence"?

HARDWICKE. Why yes in one way and why no in another.

CURRAN. And besides those private bill-notes—

HARDWICKE. I shall note them.

CURRAN. Musha the wills—

HARDWICKE. It is my will.

CURRAN. The sales?

HARDWICKE. There's a prize on them.

CURRAN. Must I implore then?

A lawyer's library subject to the ransacker!

Give me an inventory of what you take  
Along with you for evidence.

HARDWICKE. We dont as a rule.

CURRAN. Ungentlemenly, unrecorded, unheard-of—

HARDWICKE. There's

Slight of occasion for any manifestoes  
Of irritability on your part in retorting.  
Remember I'm an officer of the law.

SARAH. But my father is a lawyer with an office.

CURRAN. Ay have them know I'm of the Irish bar!

HARDWICKE. Short meant, I'd have each Irish barrister  
Book of the bars.

CURRAN. For the which across the pate  
Would I let slip an avoirdupois bar!

HARDWICKE. What bodily?

CURRAN. Well I strenuously condemn.

My home's no resort for orphic mysteries,  
Nor is my daughter a Dionysia,

HARDWICKE. Oh we dont doubt that. What's on the harpsichord?

SARAH. Outrageous unto impatience! Why dont you  
Unwall the room, disceiling us together?  
Daddy they've taken Beethoven and Mendelsohn,  
Why dont they carry off the entire premises?  
The harwsidchord contains naught rebellions.  
Save a few dormant unharmonics

HARDWICKE. So?

How many times did not this organ heave  
Out of its melody's breast the national air  
Of Irishmen?—And 'tis your daughter? will  
She tolerate renewed questions?

SARAH. Desire me

To say my Pater Noster! Who's afeard?  
What right have they to search our house that way.  
Yes, sir, yes sir I'll stand you examining-into.

CURRAN. Ay prod her. Whose daughter should n't but a barrister's?

HARDWICKE. She shall excuse the immunity. We are after  
Two young men by the name of Redmond & Russel,  
Could she inform us of their whereabouts.

SARAH. Am I a bureau ? how come I to them ?  
I never heard these names, my girlhood on't.  
I know them not I know them, know them not.

HARDWICKE. Never saw the young men described ?

SARAH. What description ?  
As't were aught to tally,—the audacity.

CURRAN. Convey'em round Scotland Yard, you offered the cue,

HARDWICKE. We possess the following details of them :  
They're of medium stature, brunette and handsome.  
With a portly gait carried aristocratic,  
They're members of the United Irishmen,  
Redmond wears a surtoit and Hessian boots  
By the way as landmarks. And 't is recently  
The general amnesty immunizing them  
They have returned from expatriation.

SARAH. From where should I know them ?

CURRAN. Retire to rest  
Where thou shouldst be at this time in the bed.  
Cry not, cry not. I'am a councillor  
I'm acquainted with the law. I never  
Protected to my knowledge any of  
The gentlemen in question, for in fact  
It is a question whether they are gentlemen.  
I call that bare-faced intrusion, specific are  
The time for search and you have chosen the direst.  
I'll have the matter brought before the chancery  
Before to-morrow's moonset.—As for you—  
I've told you go to bed— I want an invoice  
Of what you've found suspicious—Sarah get in—  
The disorder created in my home, the dishevelled  
Of night's relaxed hair, —get in or I'll chase you in—  
For all of which, items.

SARAH. Like a cattle  
To be driven and redriven.—Oh unheard-of  
Ignominy ! Why what a prerogative  
To assume what a second harbors. They shall not  
Ransack, if I can help it — daddy leave me  
Go — well sir, you'll abstain from disintegrating,

For if you mean—I wont be chased to bed—  
To rob us of our possession, — leave me be —  
Then I demand your exit straight unceremouyless,  
Right about and streetward. Or I do alarm  
The entire household sir. Dickey my brother,—  
Get out of bed we are assailed by highwaymen!  
Lo! where my mother comes the garret down!  
Where are you porter? servant-lass send for a constable.

CURRAN. Musha, don't trumpet a special session up.

HARDWICKE. Miss Curran and Mister Curran we regret  
To be the incentive to this upheaval.  
Officers, cease the search. We now but crave  
To aid us in describing whether Emmet  
Is also a United Irishman.

GRATTAN. No cross-questioning here sir.

SARAH. United Irishman?  
Why what kind of Irishmen are United Irishmen?

CURRAN. Why Irishmen that are n't apart,—nolo defendam.

SARAH. I dont know anything about it at all, at all.

HARDWICKE. Not the least intimacy wite Robert Emmet?

SARAH. Daddy, what do they urge? no not the least.  
What means the night's coercion on us?

HARDWICKE. The following.  
The reputed visits of his at Harold's Cross,  
Having raised suspicion's standard and send forth  
The scouters's trail, easy enough of itself.

CURRAN. But my house is fourteen by fifty, Harold's Cross  
Is a quarter of a mile. Upon the pain  
Of outlawry, I never harbored any of them.

BARTLEY. I offer we go up Kevin Streen where are  
The headquarters of the United Irishmen.

HARDWICKE. 'Tis a point in reference. Light us officers  
The stairs streetward. Sorry we be extremely  
Counsellor and for a pardon hope.  
Along the shadow of suspicion I move  
And stumble for sheer proof, for the which I hope  
You'll be exemplary and lend a hand  
For a clearance.—Call to-morrow at the Castle.

At nine o'clock when the Privy Council meets  
Under Lord Castlereagh.  
Come ahead down Bartley, come ahead down officers,  
A good-night's rest Counsellor Curran.

(Exeunt).

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## ACT 3.

### SCENE I. A Street before the Castle.

*Enter Majors Sandys and Severs in dialogue  
and holding circulars.*

- SANDYS. Just say Severs, say to this discovery?  
Is it not time the arsenal's howitzers  
To switch upon these rebel inconoclasts  
Who ever were and are the chief projectors  
Of these volcanic missile-shelling, ha?
- SEVERS. I deem it opportune to erect  
Such ramparts that securely might rebuff  
The onslaught of aggression. For to let  
Those propagandas of these malfactors  
Their aggravate ignominy attain  
Were to make frail the splicing of reliance  
That knots the English Pale and what the hazard  
Lest it untwines. Twere well to tighten it.
- SANDYS. And tight I shall by my majorship.  
Lest this continues as it is continueing,  
I will to Castlereagh the secretary  
And fore his lordship lay the label of  
Aggression's substance, so he might be judge of  
The pottery of tranquility, the extent  
Of the crack thereon and the disbursement of  
For its reclaying
- SEVERS. I ween if you're about it  
This will at least tincture the blanchd dye  
Of anguish that these casualties  
Incurred the pigment of. But yet to water  
Conjecture's mall, these fears scarce irrigate,

Why these chimeric scandals permeate  
Through the snug furrow of inquietude  
I lack the hoze of motive.

SANDYS,

'Tis but this.

England, as I surmise, you are aware of  
So as to be invincibly secure  
Pending the incursion of Napoleon's legions  
Whose land and maritime forces that way tend,—  
Has, in premeditation of her posture  
Herself impregnable made and as protectorate  
Passed recently a bill annexing Ireland  
By virtue of a union of the Parliaments  
To her dominions; whereupon the Irish  
Or chiefly those United Irishmen,  
No sooner nephews made unto the compact  
Than they with agitationary rudders  
Rebuff the billows of enforced decorum  
And furtively, with slow but steady expedients  
The island's state in state of peril keep.

SEVERS.

Be this but thus as you surmise it major  
Then best for us were to frustrate this menace  
And from the thwarting turf eradicate  
The very root's rootlets,

SANDYS.

I'll see me for a shovel,—

Rest easy in the hammock.—Here's Bartley,

*Enter Bartley with a lantern.*

And with a lantern. In the throne's name, whose?

BARTLEY.

The arsenals.

SANDYS.

Bears Bartley it?

BARTLEY.

Sir Major!

SANDYS,

Well?

BARTLEY.

I bear it.

SANDYS

Approach therewith.

BARTLEY.

I'm right along sir major.

SANDYS.

Switch the ordinance streetward on the embrazure  
Let us be ready to recartridge those  
That hold us targetted. Will you be with me  
What sample of emetic we compound

To puke this peril off.

BARTLEY. I'll be that drugsman.  
SANDYS. Precede me to the castle. Lantern high !  
BARTLEY. I lift it sir major. (Exeunt)

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*SCENE 2. Another street near the castle.*

Sounds of cannon roars afar off, Cries of "Riot" "Riot."

*Enter two Rioters and other rioters.*

1st RIOTER. Shure phwat the devil's that ?

2nd RIOTER. That's the moon settin' ?

1st RIOTER. She's settin' with a moighty crash in Olreland !

2nd RIOTER. Here're two in taffeta hats, kape a-sleuth.

1st RIOTER. Get back o'th' mud-barrel, yez spalpeens.

*(Enter O'Connell and Grattan meeting)*

O'CONNELL. Sure Grattan this must be,

GRATTAN. Guess that's O'Connell.

O'CONNELL. Grattan there !

GRATTAN. Shake hands !

O'CONNELL. Ay and hold on !

For the ground shakes under us slip-shot.

I just come off an ace on a debate

Of eminent domain against Earl Gulchie

And as you know I live on Grafton Street

In that direction sauntering, suddenly

My heart almost palpitating in me

Out of abstract fright, right under my toes

A gunpowder fuse went off.

GRATTAN. There's in it discernment.

I suppose it is the retaliation of

The United Irishmen because we didn't

Join in the cause. See the suspicious two,

With others in the distance. There's aught afloat.

Got a cudgel about ?

O'CONNELL. My knuckless 'll do for proxy.

GRATTAN. Ye twain whoever you be or ought to be

Why do you like a bat about a steeple

Trail us in the street ?

1st RIOTER. We've matter with the both o'you,

GRATTAN. With us?

1st RIOTER. Exactly.

GRATTAN. We'll have you state and end

The matter.

1st RIOTER. They're state's matters.

GRATTAN. That there

Matters but little,

O'CONNELL. Well you ugly ricksaw

What's aft with the concourse of the twain of you?

2nd RIOTER. What matters that to you?

O'CONNELL. In that what's the matter?

2nd RIOTER. We've matter for you.

GRATTAN. They intend us abrasion

For they want our carnivorous matter.

1st RIOTER. Just

About the size of that.

2nd RIOTER. For we would know

How Parliamentarians fare with hardware of

The sharp variety.

*(They set on them. O'Connell  
and Grattan fly crying  
"Riot! Riot!")*

1st RIOTER. We'll give'em what they gave Thistlewood.

2nd RIOTER. A sound preliminary. Here's more anon.

*[Enter a Riot-act proclaimer  
followed by citizens]*

RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER. (reads) Rioters of Dublin! Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably depart to their habitation or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the penal code made and enacted in the first year of the House of Hanover for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies. God save the king!

1st RIOTER. Have you finished?

RIOT-ACT PROCLAIMER. I have.

1st RIOTER. We'll finish you then.

*They murder him and the citizens.  
(Exeunt.)*

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### SCENE 3. Before Dublin Castle.

*The sides of the stage representing street-corners.*

*Enter Robert Emmet in uniform from one street meeting  
Redmond, Russel, McCabe, McCarthy, and O'Sheil  
with revolvers from the other coming.*

EMMET. Connrads, appropriate met. The pulse of duty  
Unswervingly beats. Fail any among us however !  
Where's Redmond ?

REDM. Here.

EMMET, And Russel ?

RUSSEL. There.

EMMET. Where are

McCabe and McCarthy ?

RUSSEL. There they are.

EMMET. Where is

O'Sheil ?

REDM. He's here with the rest.

EMMET. Then we are all

Together?

REDM. No not altogether.

RUSSEL. O'Sullivan

Is missing among us. What are we to do ?

EMMET. When you know not what to do, do nothing,

Is a principle with us. O'Sullivan

Puts us into a quandary as to whether

Proceed or otherwise tarry. Proceed would put

A set-back on our part since those adherants

Under O'Brien's leadership have failed

To make appearance. On the other hand

To tarry would unman the fortitude

We are champions of, for the instant ef the attack

To be perpetrated. Which of ye prefer

That we in the disbursement of being liable

Fall scanty in the amount of exercise

But reach the purpose's asset.

REDM. As to that

I would enjoin we had best defer  
Till the pellicle heave.

EMMET. If the rest agree—

RUS. I'm for that option.

O'SHEIL. Likewise I.

MCCABE- I also.

EMMET. Aquiesce you with them McCarthy?

MCCARTHY. For my part.

EMMET. That's ambiguously averred.

MCCARTHY. I go in that railing.

EMMET. Oh that's obvious. Then we will wait for O'Brien.

*Enter O'Sullivan hastily.*

REDM. Give waiting the stub O'Sully!

EMMET. Where's the mischief Herlihy.

That your feature bear excitement's contour? Met  
You Harriet anywhere?

O'SULLIVAN. Her! met her in Grafton Street  
at the head of a troupe of rioters intoxicated.

EMMET. Hear I aright? Intoxicated! I do not  
Cherish it at all. Has she wooed Bauhante? it seems  
I misinterpreted her. Erin, thy stupefying

*Enter O'Hara.*

Thy many distilleries cause thee. Hello O'Hara!  
Wherefrom arrive you?

O'HARA. From Parliament Street Emmet-

The rioters have sacked the Parliament  
Then in a body leaderless ignited  
Conciliation Hall, thence divided  
In companies, the companies taking head  
Respectively to the Hibernian Library  
The Custom House, the City Hall, the Bank  
Of Ireland, setting them all on fire  
With torches and with cans of photogen.  
Patrick Cathedral and Holy Trinity Church  
Have become dyers and tinged the sky a new mordant.  
A Kilkenny band has attacked and skirmished  
Kilmainham Penitentiary and made  
Calvary out of it.

EMMET. Allow inquiry O'Hara

Has O'Dwyer's band been about?

O'HARA. No inkling of him.

EMMET. I mind me now I wrote him a later date.

RUSSEL. 'Tis bad and odd, how are we now to act?

EMMET. I told you when you do not know what to do,  
Do not do anything, the cheapest apothegm.

REDM. There's someone running hither at breakneck.  
Mark close, a stamping.

*Enter O'Brien out of breath.*

RUSSEL. A running step carries

A telling import.

O'BRIEN. Oh pals, pals,—

EMMET. Well what's

The besiegeable on the ears' portcullis Clancy.

O'BRIEN. The pike and ax of news'. Long Merrion Square  
The men of Wicklow with flag and music marching  
Intercepted a calash bearing chief-justice  
Kilwarden and his daughter, and put to pike  
The body of the aged jurist.

EMMET. Killed him! Oh murder

Whom art thou dallying in revolution's night?

RUSSEL. Grand for him! serves him straight! the legal scamp!

EMMET. Enpal this gashed-up intelligence for nothing  
Can expose the like brutality. Oh I  
Know not what to do with myself!

REDM. Man born

'Tis the petty sprinkling. But is 't the whole of the hose?

RUSSEL. O'Brien narrate the rest, what's the last chapter?

O'BRIEN. May I be paralytic and expire  
Upon the pavement, if what I say's untrue.  
While a group of the insurgents crossed the Coombe  
To link with a concours'd band, unawares,  
From out the Kingstown barracks, the militia  
In an unwavering charge did toward them head  
With pike and rifle. They met the combatans  
And at the sortie half succeeded had  
In frustrating them, when to their mortification  
The British dragoners in the midst appearing  
Into confusion drove them, which exercise

Brought helter-skelter the adversary  
 To the level of rout. They could not rally after that.  
 Meanwhile the bustle and the din of armor  
 Chilling the populace with frigid climate  
 At the north side of twilight, the scarce-warmed dawn  
 Like vermins out of burrow-holes emanating.  
 Tumble out of bed pell-mell and topsy-turvy  
 Scud nude about the lanes and thoroughfares  
 Aghast, perplexed with cries of "Riot" "Riot".  
 Noting this I scourged at trotter's rate along  
 To acquaint you with the species of events  
 That progressed have. I deem it but sagacious  
 We disperse forthwith.

EMMET. Just shelf that caustic will you !  
 Drip none of that into those pustules that  
 These tiding corrode us with.

REDMOND (to Russel) What a catastrophe !

RUSSEL (to Redm) Frightful !

McCABE (to McCarthy) What disparaging tiding !

McCARTHY (to McCabe) Of the extreme.

O'SHEIL (to Sulliv) A chill yarn this.

O'SULLIV (to O'Sheil) A nor here nor there narrative.

O'SHEIL. Our leader offers council, attend fellow-comrads.

EMMET. The decisive instance's arrived. An instance only  
 Last all decision, the after influence  
 An hiatus. Let us therefore be hilaric I say  
 Rather than pensive. So, so, so, this then  
 Is the narrative, it's quite well-asterick'd  
 If the agate bears the romance's folio proofsheets through !

O'BRIEN. [aside] I'm no subscriber to such blarney.

EMMET. I  
 Shall supplement to that a "to be continued"  
 That'll savor of the thrilling. I insist we cheer  
 Hurrah ! I'll fight it out till the fight be roundly  
 Fought out on military tactics. I intend  
 To counter death in any uncouth alley  
 Than be coup'd off with a handful adherers  
 For the gibbet's raffle. Not, "no, no, no",  
 But "yes, yes, yes", rap her hard and no coaxing

About it. Then as well that way,—“Faugh-a-ballagh!”  
 It is a republic we for Irishmen would.  
 In line Etruscans, on deck. We are men  
 And Irishmen, get that. Into the Castle  
 Redmond, Russel, McCabe, McCarthy, O’Sheil,  
 O’Sullivan, O’Hara and O’Brien,  
 And immolate her guards. I remain  
 On the exterior to await the forces  
 About due from the suburbs.—Forward! though  
 Our heads or bodies founder, cleave for Paddy!  
 Sally hard for Ireland the land of ire!  
 High with the harp of Tara! Erin’s lads  
 Shall key her a tune anew!

*Exeunt all into the  
 castle except Emmet.*

This night is riot’s statue. There’s Harriet Sarsfield—  
 Staggering and intoxicate, an abhorrence  
 Of a sight for a young woman, in a juncture  
 So critical.—Derelict on decency and stock’d  
 With Scotch high-ball and what bumper not—

*Enter Harriet drunk.*

Up to premium. Drunk and tottering  
 I shall ignore her. Looking at thee Harriet  
 I’am impelled to sigh alas.

HARRIET. Why alas?

Since ’t is a lass.

EMMET. For a lad? you’d ingraft  
 Anybody repugnance.

HARRIET. How would I?

EMMET. Is this proper

A condition to be in? From whose aleshop  
 Do you take night-walks?

HARRIET. I maintain equipoise.

EMMET. It is manifest Oh ay,—why you topple this way.

HARRIET. True lad I would have parley with thee. I  
 Am well alive of whose to stretch to-night.  
 Though my mind whirls yet my limbs they,—they,—  
 Be not then shaking me off because of absinthe.  
 By the riot’s anniversary, you’re buxomest

Of the tread easy. A secret ! let's elope.

EMMET. Leave me alone Harriet, I must off.

HARRIET. Do not be dodging me I'll not be tagging thee.

EMMET. Oh will ye leave me then free from ye ?

HARRIET. Dazzling sapphire !

EMMET. Arrah ! 'tis emerald I'm.

HARRIET. My bud o'primrose !

EMMET. Musha, 'tis shamrock I'm.

HARRIET. Faix, viewing thee up thou feignest similitude  
Of Carolan typified at the harp. I cherish  
Companionship with comrads who have borne  
The classic stamp as thou. Thy plaited locks  
Have keyed the cithera, chimed up the verse  
Of Moore, his sacred muse apostrophizing.

EMMET. Contemptuous allusion ! respectlessness  
Of insinuation ! Get away from me for good.

HARRIET. Of verification he  
Had dedication made thee. I imbibe  
Of the muse and madeira, so here goes honeysuckle  
I press the "thee" of thee to the "mine" of me.  
Hm ! how's the bow of this violin colophony ?

EMMET. From a tipstress at the puncheon, poetry  
Like this, amusing sounds, instructive barely.

HARRIET. Pray you lad a sip from the scoop.

EMMET. Get on  
You're martin-drunk

HARRIET. Now, now—

EMMET. Yes now, now—  
Remove thy arms from my neck, that system  
Were condemnable.

HARRIET. Lord, lord, I fancy you inscrutibly  
Inexpressibly unto very violence.

EMMET. Father Prount what an epiphany !

HARRIET. Nay evict me not;  
For months have I surveyed the opportunity  
To divulge to you my attributes. Ay I do  
Experience emotion to be thy,—thy,—  
In this great night when liberty's accomplished

Thou, president of the provisional government,  
As thy love, I'd share thy triumph's tribulation,  
And mount with thee the scaffold for Erin's sake.

EMMET. What blarney and what blubber ? I'm devoted  
Too far to my country's love to give a thought  
To frills and furbelows.

HARRIET. That's making it travesty.  
I'm sober enough, 'tis forgery inculcate.  
(Spite o'th' wet overhaul to drown my sorrows)  
And to a pretence. Drunken as I am I know  
Thou fanciest Sarah Curran, she the rival  
Of revolutionary Harriet Sarsfield  
Who carries a revolver when she covets  
A purpose for a use.

EMMET. Wish you were angry!  
Inebriate ire iess than love intoxicate  
Homely appears. I venture you sober not off  
In a sennight.

HARRIET. Bit of a foreteller ! a fair  
Presaging flamen, straight prognosticated.

EMMET. I demand in the name of decency and etiquette  
You leave me cross the steps and into the castle  
For I would to the patriots within there.

HARRIET. Ducky, ere hence, scurvy and leper had prior  
Encrustate me if I infringe on thy scope.  
Oh wherefore slight you me ? With Sarah Curran  
Thou gamboldest lightfoot who hugg'd thee to the teat  
Feigning a toy-spaniel on her toozled lap,  
I ween, I ween.

EMMET. Arrah, disengage thee from my body in the mean.

(*Noise within*)

HARRIET. Nay ye myrmidons in the battle of affection  
Persist by death's crevice, hold by Marathon !  
Love for one's land, one's home, one's fancied features  
Are the swooning twilight that revive the dawn,  
Oh to live, to love, to die is all a girl cares for.  
Life without love is death, death with love is life  
As when living by loving, dying only for loving

- Yea loving unto dying, ay e'en loving whilst living.
- EMMET. Dark is the night, my way is bleak and far!  
The street's on riot and beloved I'm being.
- HARRIET. Odd 'tis that thou inspirest. Bid me rush  
In fire-flame, leap the rapids, my head fracture  
Against the rock tarpean, jaguar-like howl  
The lemur's roar against, counter the typhoon  
In Mid-Afric's—
- EMMET. Self-duped, rum-crazed  
Beer-besot Harriet. Oh for being  
Rescued from her!
- HARRIET. A final appeal recalcitrate.  
With thee to the parochial, without,—the obituary.  
Gainsay me and I riot all over thee.
- EMMET. Halt there! (*draws revolver*)
- HARRIET. Enticement's slice willt offiance me!
- EMMET. Harriet Sarsfield make a terminus, offer  
The "now I lay me down to sleep" to Ireland.  
Her sunset and thy breddime's about due.  
I'll cause thy countrygirls strow pansies o'er—  
Thy grave and have'em inscribe. "There's one  
Lived once, unrelabeled by one, died as one such once,  
Conn'd by rote the terse syllable of drink,  
Wrote the three of the four letters spelling it stupor  
Dying in a riot's night",
- HARRIET. Just give us a hug will you?  
Give's a lying-in, at least a hold-round?
- EMMET. Lewd lout, I'll bury a bullet in thy chest's  
Cemetery.
- HARRIET. Oh ye will, will ye?
- EMMET. (*fires*) There then,—Ha!  
With a gasp die whilst I ery Erin-go-bragh!
- HARRIET. Sisters of charity! sisters of mercy,—'tis  
Shot I have been, the unmolten lead sizzles in me.—  
Assistance! I succumb! Oh Emmet, did ye count  
By shooting me, to cheat me of the gallows?  
Already death woos me and claims me his bride.  
Night of my horizon hurry the midnight and  
Ship me above! for below have I had share in

As had preceding patriotess' for Erin! *Exit staggering*

*(Enter from the Castle McCabe)*

*McCarthy, O'Sheil, O'Sullivan and rush off in diverse direction.*

EMMET. The last of the Sarsfield's stock I gamble off.—  
Ho there McCabe! ho there McCarthy! Hist—  
Whom are ye after? where the destination?  
O'Sheil! O'Sheil! O'Sullivan! O'Sullivan!  
Like dust across a crevice seen and gone.

*Enter Redmond.*

In time and to the purpose shown yourself.  
Redmond, what's to be devined! no forces?  
Why was there not a Roman rocket shot off?  
Haste, haste, signal the forces, clang the tocsin  
From the minarets.—There's Harriet staggering.  
REDM. Ne'er mind, she's tipsy. The stairs are undermined.

EMMET. Escalade them.

REDM. The ladders are demolish'd.

EMMET. Well scale the secret labyrinth Poor Hetty!

REDM. Why do you pine o'er inebriates? What labyrinth?

EMMET. What labyrinth? Just like the Sarsfield jag  
Who lies prostrated by me, trumped out of muck

REDMOND. Killed! To what labyrinth refer you?

EMMET. That from the crypt that's winding.

REDM. I'll try if I can  
And if I can, try ascension.

EMMET. Clear the dormitory.

REDM. I'll clear that.

EMMET. Pass across to the citadel.

REDM. There's a gangway first.

EMMET. Double quick on the sprint.  
Yet wait. Oh Harriet Sarsfield, by my arm

*Enter Russel.*

Pushed off the edge! Ha! Russel!

RUSSEL. Ahead!

EMMET. Ahead?

RUSSEL. We are pursued—

REDM. Tracked after?

EMMET. Track'd? pursued?

RUSSEL. Ay ay.

REDM. Art sure?  
 EMMET. What true? by whom? when? where?  
 RUSSEL. The castle's garrison—  
 REDM. Under Hardwicke is it?  
 RUSSEL. Are routing, -raiding, —  
 EMMET. Whose adherers?  
 RUSSEL. Ours!  
 EMMET. Liberty and tyranny keep me sane!  
 RUSSEL. 'Tis true.  
 EMMET. The uproar construes as much.

*[Explosions within.]*

RUSSEL. Hark! the explosives! What's with Harriet?  
 REDM. Dump her out of view. Cheer up Robert Emmet.  
 Every alekeeper knew Harriet for a booze,  
 The sound of marchers. Here's the promised boon.  
 The cusp rotates, get round my jollies, for  
 It will be Ireland or England or anarchy  
 Or neither.

*On the side of the stage representing street-corners  
 appear delegation of armed men carrying Irish  
 banners, commanded by McCabe, McCarthy, O'Shei  
 and O'Sullivan*

RUSSEL. The subleaders! take initiate!  
 EMMET. Castleward pals! the portal past! o'er the steps! rah!  
 Historic Gaels! *(rushes on, the men following with "Hurrah  
 (for Robert Emmet".*  
 Hurrah for me? No, hurrah for Ireland!  
 The portals slip open. Front! a respite there!

*The Castle gates open and reveal  
 Hardwicke and British red-coats  
 ready for a charge.*

REDMOND. There's the Earl, Russel, there's the Earl, Emmet.  
 HARDWICKE. Into the streets, rioters!  
 EMMET. Not on your red-coats  
 HARDWICKE. Soldiers dispute the entrance to the portcullis!  
 EMMET. Swing round the bastion lads!  
 HARDWICKE. A volley on the scab!

*Firing begins on both sides and  
 a hand-to-hand fight ensues.*

EMMET. Bntt them Hebernians— these Castile bulls—  
 HARDWICKE. Beat them back! combine with the reserves—

- EMMET. Land right and left—jab'em with shillelaghs—  
Push in and past ! get to the bayley wall,—
- HARDWICKE. Corner the leaders,—arrest them—get them in custody—
- EMMET. Have you got them ? they'll give it to them !  
I, an Irish cur ? dirty English slop of a cur !
- HARDWICKE. On the top o'them, slug them stepward,—gain an inning  
Thrust them this way,—parry them collective—
- EMMET. Hands with me lads ! the fists and knuckles of the hand !  
*Irish are beaten*
- Rally—  
Rally less lads, rally less strenuous,  
The hurl from freemen fails to wallow tyranny.
- HARDWICKE. Disperse and give chase, polish it into them.—
- EMMET. Retreat my pals.  
Cancel the bloodshed, we're reduced in the fight,  
Adherants few ! adhere with me in flight.
- HARDWICKE. Pursue 'em ! pursue 'em ! *Exeunt pursued and amidst  
explosions and cries of "Riot" "Riot"*
- 

## ACT 4.

*SCENE 1. Louth. Dublin. Interior of  
King's Court. Lord Norbury and barons as judges; a jury  
of twelve on one side, near whom sits the Courtclerk  
discovered People at the court-doors fronted  
by military. Robert Emmet guarded.*

- NORBURY. Clerk of the Assizes!
- CLERK. Your honor ?
- NORBURY. See whether the counsellors  
Curran and attorney for the Crown  
Plunket. have prepared respectively  
For the summing up.
- CLERK. That they have so please your honor,  
They have sent notice they await being summoned.
- NORBURY. Have'em brought before.
- CLERK. The errand's spared my lord.  
They return unsummoned. Here are both come to court

*Enter Curran and Plunket  
from opposite doors and take seats.*

- NORBURY. Jurors of the Assizes, are you ready  
To give attention, out of the law's grace  
State's evidence and the defence being in,  
To the resumption ?
- FOREMAN. Ready my lord justice.
- NORBURY. Attorney for the state Baronet Plunket  
Take the initiatory. Clerk report  
Verbatim and on vellum whatsoever's  
Set forth in the delivery, then file it.  
Along states documentals. Crown's counsel to the bar !
- PLUNKET. Gentlemen of the jury, judges of the bench,  
In summing up for the crown no duty more  
Imposing than the present one devolves  
Upon the prosecutor for the kingdom.  
Gentlemen, no commonplace defendant  
Yonder pen holds, but a criminal de facto  
Charged with the infringing'd statute of the Sixth Edward,  
With compassing the king's death, with levying  
Against his realm war, with allying  
With a foreign foe, itself treason to the crown.
- CURRAN. (aside) Tap a couple of more tacks into, why dont he ?
- PEUNKET. Honored baron-commissioners of the Assizes—  
Shall confine myself to the last-named  
Indictment. Robert Emmet the arraigned  
Together with a number of fellow-comrads  
On the night of July the twenty-third attempted  
To seize by force the Government buildings of  
The city of Dublin, the object of said prisoner  
Being to instal a provisional government  
Supplanting the monarchical. Now, if this  
Is not high treason then I was never attorney  
For people or for state, then there is  
No high treason at all, no people and no state.
- CURRAN.(aside) Wait the abrading thou dost him will cost thee peeling
- PLUNKET. Furthermore, as hereuntofore proven  
Therefore and no abatement of the crime  
Which by the law's presumption is no crime

Till so adjudged by jury. Robert Emmet  
 Would set up an institution, a governm.ent,—  
 A government of lawful lawlessness  
 If anarchy could be its mononym,  
 Which is debatable.

CURRAN (aside) How severe a tone from a relative ! 'Tis a galling.  
 The bladder it distends and well-night ruptures.

PLUNKET. Enthusiasts in their dream's delirium  
 Imagine they unledge could, what centuries  
 It, to enmason took. It forever will  
 Remain a spectre of an impression the riot.  
 Oh what a spectacle for civilization !  
 I do not need to go over the particulars  
 Of that singular event. And I conclude  
 Empanelled jurymen and convey you  
 That the arraigned in person Robert Emmet,—  
 Instrumental in Harriet Sarsfield's immature death,  
 Involved in Judge Kilwarden's premature homicide,  
 The defence being incapable so far  
 To clinch the moral issue of the state  
 Versus rebellion, that when you retire  
 To deliberate, I hope that you return  
 A verdict worthy of the duty and namely  
 Guilty of high treason to the Crown.

NORBURY. Counsel for the defence will follow.

CLERK. John  
 Philpot Curran barrister, to the bar !

CURRAN. My lord judge-baron, ladies and gentlemen,—  
 As counsel for the defence in the king's assizes  
 For the prisoner held let me extol the law  
 That labors both bnder a guilty ransom  
 As under a guiltless. I have upon occasions  
 Prior to this argued for diverse clients  
 Whose incriminatory always was political  
 But never until now was it for me to plead  
 Other than that. For in this present case  
 High treason is the appellation of  
 The charge by the honorable Baron Plunket.

Why should this be high treason over or under  
Than was the Despard and Fitzgerald precedent?  
By precedent alone a charge is judged.  
Why, has he murdered anyone? murdered have  
Committed his associates, therefore then  
The corpus delicti emphasized by the crown  
Has a leak in the coo-perage.

PLUNKET. (aside) The goat rams in the woods  
When the gibbet's but a stone's throw.

CURRAN.  
That you are conscious of the trial's site  
The kind of vicinity it hath allotted you  
That the prisoner's lottery lies in your raffle,  
That his existence poises in your behalf  
That his life's deposit lies in the verdict's vault.  
And may I also trust, you rather have  
All his demerits underjudged than have  
Misjudged his merits. Let it be my confidence  
That you have contemplated o'er the scene  
Of your duty and rest settled.

PLUNKET. (aside) This stale poker  
Won't caper any aces up.

CURRAN.

The sublimest  
Master of sculptors never in his art  
As dexterous was as when he turned out  
The article man his masterpiece. Examine him !  
The features of Heracles lie stamped upon him  
The cunning of Jason, of Minerva the  
Intuitional handicraft, for him Pythias  
Weeps in her pining for the love of him  
The man,        to be, the son of a father,  
Gone from amidst us, honored and revered,—  
Robert Emmet,--there he stands,--look at him gentlemen  
Of the jury—see him !—does he wince at having  
The charge of high treason flung at him  
The awe-inspiring, not the repulsive  
In him makes that apparent. Now his eyes  
Are soaked, but so are mine I warrant ye.

NORBURY. Go on Counsellor Curran, continue.

- CURRAN. I plead then  
For the prisoner's extremity of youth  
Of the world at large, his inexperience  
With people his seniors. The good and true  
Fall always victim to the bad and false.  
The honorable Baron Plunket was  
A schoolfellow of Emmet's—
- PLUNKET. I object  
To personal allusion.
- NORBURY. That objection  
I overrule baron.
- PLUNKET. Why, why not sustain it my lord.  
When Robert Emmet's affianced is the daughter  
Of Counsellor Curran's—
- CURRAN. Oh just hear that  
Flap o'the wing! I stirred a beetle-hive.  
Sustain it your honor, sustain the glorious baron.
- PLUNKET. Let him plead insanity—
- CURRAN. On a demurrer may be.
- PLUNKET. Have'em paroled—
- CURRAN. Perhaps remanded?
- NORBURY. (gavelling) Counselors!
- CURRAN. Concluding then,  
I plead against death-sentence that it may  
Mutation undergo for life-transport  
To Van Dieman's land. Bring in a verdict. I fully  
Anticipate unanimous an acquittal.
- NORBURY. Gentlemen of the jury retire for a verdict.
- FOREMAN. We concord on instruction and confirm.
- NORBURY. Clerk of the court convey the gentlemen  
Into the jurychamber. *Exeunt clerk and jury.*  
*A pause of three minute after which*  
*re-enter jurors and clerks, who reseal*  
*themselves.*
- CLERK. My lord the verdict's reached.
- NORBURY. Rise all concerned.  
The law requests your attention in the direction  
Of the jury.
- FOREMAN. Our duty as jurors to the court.

NORBURY.

Jurors—

Look on the prisoner, prisoner look  
Upon the jury. Say your verdict sir.

FOREMAN. We, the twelve jurors in the trial conducted for Robert Emmet charged with instigating and abetting in the riot of July the twenty-third in the city of Dublin find the aforementioned prisoner Robert Emmet guilty of high treason to the state with a recommendation of leniency to the grace of the King's Assizes. So help us God Almighty.

NORBURY. You may resume your seats until dismissed.

I thank you highly gentlemen of the jury.

*Curran and Plunket rise to object  
a general consternation.*

CLERK. Order! His honor, the judge-baron speaks.

NORBURY.

Gentlemen

In further are exempt. And I commend  
The patience you displayed. Robert Emmet  
A jury of twelve citizens find you guilty  
Of high treason to the state. The clerk of the court  
Shall put it formally.

CLERK.

What have you now

To say why death and judgement should not be  
Upon you passed according to the verdict?

EMMET.

May it please the judge and public. It has been  
Requested of me what I have to say

Why sentence of death upon me should not be  
Pronounced to law according. I have, in what  
I may myself the immunity deem, to say,  
Hardly of validity anything. Yet if  
It be to the court no breach of etiquette

I shall endeavor to unharness me from  
The mesh of testimony wherewithal

I like a raft was tugged in the maelstrom. From same  
With that view in mind I seize the opportunity  
To vindicate myself from the charges of  
Grave infamy and obloquy consigned  
Outrageous libel, dastard calumny!

NORBURY.

Take care, take care there prisoner, cease there.  
The accomplishment of all your chimerical

And mad design for a government's overturning  
Will never measure with the base defiant  
Position of such as you adjudged of a crime  
How you, the superiors in the law's service  
The charivari give. Nor fire nor flood  
Shall consume as has the fire and the flood  
Of your bashlessness and spitefulness and what not.  
Consumed the cinders of respect and that way  
Aroused dissension in loyalty. I insist  
Upon the moderation of your tone,  
Irrespective of impulsion.

This is a court sir, a court of law and equity,  
Which unevoked is passive, but will counter  
The big voice with the huge law every time.  
Proceed, the court desires you continue.

EMMET. Let no one epitaph me, for as none  
That shared my motives vindicate them might  
As I had recourse to. When Ireland takes  
Her place among the nations of the world  
Then, only then at not until then, let  
My epitaph be written. But till then  
And when my soul shall heaven's empire enter  
And join the bands of Ireland's patriot-martyrs  
Who bled upon the battle as on scaffold  
I've still that hope that my adherant survivors  
The remnant crew of freedom's expedition  
The bark of liberty not cease to ply  
Though they're reversed by that perfidious pilot  
Who in pretence of stewarding their course  
With a pair of muscles hard as sledgehammer  
Whereto appended pend two wrought-iron paws  
Into a cesspool steers them; who betrays  
Their destiny, grating it along askew  
The ingulfing reef, the liquid quicksand shoals  
Of unbuoyed rapids' treacherous undertow!

NORBURY. Forbear! I do abjure you any admonish  
Against these sentiment enunciated.  
A punchinello you and your blazonry

Forensic, yourself as well as the court considerest  
 With oakboy cawing and with guffaw retort  
 To the immediate in-hearing. You've been  
 As was during the trial convinced, connected  
 With French authority I term treason; treason  
 That glares by flaring *prima facie*.  
 I do not know gentlemen of the jury,  
 No, gentlemen of the jury, I seriously  
 Regret we have a court at all, I regret it.  
 What cares the rioter for the Magna Carta,  
 A king's signet goads him on to riot,  
 What's his concern, let alone nonchalance, for  
 Petitions, for the Bill of Rights, the Statutes  
 Of *praemunire*? why what bothers he o'er tallage,  
 O'er scuttage, disseizure or the Privy Council?  
 Where rascalty could o'er her shoulders toss  
 The shawl of malignity, these iconoclasts  
 Would trot the alley that style. No court-justice  
 Ever yet legislated for vindicators  
 Who wielded boomerangs across their scalp  
 With recreant aim. Nor will I tolerate  
 The fusilade of abuse you rams me with,  
 No sir, I'm not bound to.

EMMET.

I appeal to the immaculate God  
 Before whose throne I shortly shall appear  
 By the dead patriot's blood who preceded me,  
 That my conduct all throughout my purposes  
 Where characterized and governed only by  
 No other view than that of the liberation  
 What'er subsequent mode of procedure I'd have gone into  
 Of my fellow-Irishmen, from the sucking of  
 The neighborhood leech. And I am confident  
 Of that enactment spite of all subverters;  
 I wish my memory as well as the name  
 Of Robert Emmet may animate my followers  
 While I look down complacently upon  
 The immolation of that nefarious overrule  
 Which upholds dominions by the Most high's apostacy

Which displays it brutal and its animal snatch  
O'er fellow-being as o'er forest-beast,  
Sets brother against brother, uplifts his arm  
In the Divine's name against his fellow's gullet  
Who believes or doubts a little more or less  
Than the government standard itself, a government  
Steeled to barbarity, iron to the wail  
Of asylum deathcries, of almshouse window-tears  
Of violated females, of wives raped !

NORBURY. Oh shame ! Oh silence ! Your improvident talk  
If they inspire us at all inspire us  
With an inspiration that inspires disgust  
Empson are you making us liveries ?  
You shant continue in this court this sample.  
Fag no pretence like Warbeck ? Your behaviour  
In a court of law is insolent in the extremest,  
Respectless of the dignity of the judiciary  
A disgrace to jurists who've sat and propounded  
The law of crime. Oh shame yourself adown  
Your very interior.

EMMET. Oh yet I've always  
To be a judge's mission understood it  
When to conviction brought a criminal was  
To speak with feeling of humanity  
To sympathize with him to plead with him  
And in his plight bear nominal a share.  
That 't was a judge's duty so to do  
I had no doubt thereon. But where alas,  
Is all that suffrage of your institutions ?  
That phillharmonic temperance that you brag of  
If a political prisoner whose illuck  
To fall a victim in your hands it was ?  
My lord you know that as incarnate beings  
We jointly shall appear on that great trial  
In that great court of law, in God's assizes,  
At that resplendent true and real tribunal,  
And it shall then ostensibly remain  
For yon chief magistrate to sentence those

Who, though they have been wrong were rightly wrong  
 When they ran their country's errand. Yes, your honor.  
 Who when mere babes in cribs lisp'd freedom's name  
 And in maturity each syllable cheered;  
 These heaven shall judge who like the august eagle  
 Supremely wafts in flight beyond the eyre  
 Built on the shoulder of some anarch crag,  
 Men that for right of the land, a people's cause,  
 Left firesides smouldering dimmer than hope,  
 To rush to the battlefield, deliver Irishmen  
 From their joint perpetrators in the patricide—  
 Oppose unto their capabilities' utmost  
 Defend every Irish trot of turf, and beaten  
 Their veins first puncture rather than ascend  
 In penalty's name the gallows' steps, where next  
 The red-attired slaughtering decapitator  
 A gang of veteran, lord peers slug 'round  
 And with hosannas of thanksgiving grin—  
 As o'er—the gibbet's ledge—an Irishman's—dangling—  
 Froth oozing — from the lips, — blood squirting,—  
 Gasping, — writhing,—

*(falls unconscious)*

CLERK.	Observe! the prisoner faints!
CURRAN.	He drops! he's overwhelmed.
NORBURY.	He staggers!
PLUNKET.	He sinks!
CLERK.	Gavel order!
FOREMAN.	Suspend sentence!
CURRAN.	Adjourn court!
PLUNKET.	Yield up the session!
NORBURY.	Tend to the arraigned!
CLERK.	The jury rises to leave.
CURRAN.	Oh embittering sight!
NORBURY.	Convey him hence to Kilmainham yeomen.
FOREMAN.	Oh hapless fellow!
PLUNKET.	Dread coincidence!
NORBURY.	It is unwarranted. I close the trial And for resprieves I exercise denial.

*Exeunt, Emmet  
 being carried limp.*

## ACT 5.

*SCENE 1. Interior of a cell in Kilmainham prison furnished as for political prisoners. Doors leading to Bridge of Sighs and Scaffold.*

*Enter McGregor and McVickar.*

MCGREGOR. It is the end, the door of mercy's blocked.  
Pleading this morn Lord Castlereagh I sought  
To grant to Robert Emmet a reprieve.  
He brusky whisked me by nor would comply  
So meagre my entreaty influenced him.

MCVICKAR. I thought it would be so, I thought so Mac,  
Entirely e'ervehement has been  
Bob's vindication on the trial's occasion,  
Inspired to bid triumphant a farewell  
Exhibit the patriot in the convict's features,  
He bared the bosom of his country's theme  
And struck an angry chord that did reverberate.

MCGREGOR. Emmet was fury itself personified.  
Were he but sedate were but rational  
A reprieve might have stayed the hangman's nooze;—  
But as it is the end is imminent  
And we remain the sad reviewers of  
The edition of his martyring that's to follow.

MCVICKAR. Yes we can hope no more for Robert Emmet.  
All hope for Robert Emmet now's complete,  
God's will it is his life on earth be done.  
His parents (Oh well for them they're deceased)  
The foundering of their son they shall not witness  
Who save for that at least might have been spared  
The event that thus has wrecked themselves and him.

MCGREGOR. Too fast the close, too soon the drop. For see  
Where hithter grandeur's barge dissail'd,  
Across departure's dreary frith drifts past  
For a last view upon leavetaking's shore  
Wherefrom ochone! no pilot can steer past.

McVICKAR. Let me suggest we go to Emmet's cell  
And with our tears astreaming bid farewell.

*(Exeunt)*

*Enter Major Sandys and Severs and soldiers  
leading O'Sheil and O'Sullivan cuffed-*

SEVERS. Prisoners of Kilmainham hear the warrant  
Verbatim read to you from the commissioner!

SANDYS. (reads) "The people of the United Kingdom of  
To the Gommissioner of Kilmainham, greeting:—  
Whereas at a court of Special Assizes  
In Country Louth Dublin the second judicial  
District, in the year Ano Domini  
One thousand Eight Hundred and three, the sixteenth  
Of August: before John Toler Lord Norbury  
Of the said country and city, court and district,  
Gilhuly O'Sheil and Herlihy O'Sullivan  
Were by due and full trial for state's treason  
Tried and found guilty. And whereas—

O'SHEIL. That whereas  
Is a popp'd scarecrow, doesn't startle me any.

SANDYS. On the sixteenth day of the said month August  
One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, a day  
To expiate the penalty of the crime  
Prescribed by the laws of the Crown, And therefore,—

O'SULLIVAN. And therefore the lasoo round the gullet. Alright  
Get her tied. warden

SANDYS. To the junior commissioner  
The aforementioned be given in person, allowing  
Access to none with a court's enjoinal, only  
Excepting family members, physician, minister—

O'SHEIL. You may switch your minister.

O'SULLIVAN. Shove him in a chapel.

SANDYS. While the attendants and the Junior  
Commissioner of said prison shall be witness  
Of the infliction and the execution  
Of sentence duly pronounced by Chief Justice  
John Toler Lord Norbury, hereunto  
Signature affixed, this sixteenth day of August  
The Year One Thousand Eighteen Hundred and Three  
*(folds the warrant.)*

SEVERS. They act derisive.

SANDYS. What do we give a —

SEVERS. For a circus us they deem.

SANDYS. Give'em arena

Let'em skip the rope, with the other rope they'll not skip.

Attention ! prisoners of the crown !

SEVERS. Face about !

SANDYS. I've read the warrant to you and apprized

The warranty's charge. Resign between you both

Whatever ties addict you to one other

Interlade and compact it atike with God.

The prison chaplain promised absolution

And will be at the scaffold.—

Major I do consign to you the prisoners

Precede them with the soldiers to the site.

SEVERS. Hand me that warrant.

I will with just precaution act the van.

Fellows be marshall'd and proceed we then,

March up the scaffold like unflinching men.

O'SHEIL. Unmurdered Nighty-Eighters, avenge us murdered-being

SEVERS. Here, here, these sentiments—

O'SULLIVAN. Bully for O'Sheil !

Light freemen's brand and singe to ashes the cruel,—

That's the pitch !

SEVERS. I give ye caution—

O'SHEIL. Erin ! bestir thee !

Unlatch thy shutters, liberty is dawning.

Jump out of bed, the morning sun is out !

SANDYS. Severs, get on the road.

SEVERS. Soldiers get'em a-hustling.

Maunch as ye choose, thwart us as you please

'Tis at the top o' th'mound the king's at ease.

*Ereunt.*

*Enter the Earl of Hardwicke, Bartley  
and soldiers ushering in Redmond and Russel  
cuffed.*

HARDWICKE. Prisoners ! In this apartment assume

The residue of time, two soldiers abiding

The death-watch till relieved, along with you,

The rest have with me for direction, myself  
Will fellow straight after the disposition  
Of warrant and of yeomen.

BARTLEY. So said so done.

REDM. Earl Hardwicke you'll allow us I confide  
At least a few lines to address our relatives.

HARDWICKE. No pen no ink sir, I've no such accommodables.

REDM. Just a note, a couple remarks,

HARDWICKE. I regret.

The present prison code diswarrants it.

RUSSEL. Take sorrow for pen and tears for ink Redmond.

REDMOND. What, no correspondence?

HARDWICKE. Never a missive man,  
Kilmainham leaves but through the Lord-lieutenant  
The prerogative. This is no suspect office  
Besides I've order to that effect.

RUSSEL. Earl Hardwicke

Once in a while men give over a weakness  
By signs to another, raise the flag of distress.  
I'm no exception. Since yesterday across  
My lips no nourishment gave evidence.  
For a bit of refreshment feebly I grope  
Along the wall of appeal and charge it to you.  
I take decision from the table of  
Human kind for kind to evoke fraternity  
For the common crust, all delicacies being  
Good out of the Assizes.—

HARDWICKE. Must perforce announce  
Am sorry I may not accommodate you.

RUSSEL. Might you let me have a scoope of water then?

HARDWICKE. The bydrant's plugg'd.

BARTLEY. Oh no it isn't!

HARDWICKE. Forsake

The presence of the corridor at once  
Intermeddling jackanapes. Get a removal.

BARTLEY. Sure there's no harm handing a man some water [Exit.

RUSSEL. That's manhood. What shall I ask thee Erin?  
From thy scooped-in eyesockets trickle together

Moisture for my broiled throat. Earl Hardwicke  
Were I unhandcuff'd, I'd—well let 't be.

HARDWICKE. Do you no intimating I've here option.

REDMOND. That's the home-rule of his here.

HARDWICKE. Now, now, no backbite  
From either of you in the pann'd retort  
From roasting scalaways I'll stand for. (*Exit.*)

REDMOND. He's got  
His host spiked solid, therefore the hyssop  
For me, and for you Russel the bile.

RUSSEL. What  
A shift of scene has come across our careers,  
Oh what a terrificly terrible transmutation?

REDM. Dont Russel, dont be staggered, take it heroic.  
Before you stoop take up the burden as a stoic.

RUSSEL. A goblet of hemlock my life to me was,—

REDMOND. An arena of hyenas my life to me—

RUSSEL. But I'll gulp it.

REDMOND. I'll beneath the paw  
O'Neill-like. I'll emulate it socratic  
In the tipping the cap,

RUSSEL. And my understratifying  
Of Vesuvius-type I'll show.

REDMOND. Cheer up then!

RUSSEL. Oh

The gallowing part of it, otherwise  
An armistice to flesh-rending my oath on 't.

REDMOND. Spunk

For all of that, we'll have no pallbearers.  
Only woifs are scared. Then let me say our love  
During life exceeded the fear of death, not death itself.

RUSSEL. It shall be said; put a bushel on that. With scaring  
We were indifferent.

REDMOND. And no being despair'd either.

RUSSEL. That's

Been given the Catacomb. We will not see each other.

REDMOND. In another world evermore, in this nevermore.

RUSSEL. We'll fall in line here but fall out of line out of here.

For better to fall in line than the line fall in  
Our demise must nor Irishman grieve, we should  
With our moral and ethic aim inspire  
Even English antipathy. For these politically  
Condemned that would the rifle give calisthenics  
'Round Kilmainham and Portsmouth, the state's furnace  
Transcasting out of iniquity's adulation  
The English visiting commission enthuse  
That they may view the life-confined who blazed  
With riot, now as from a penny-a-liner  
Submissive penury of lot perceive.  
Mind that !

REDMOND.                      An armistice to Jeremy. Meseems  
This is the final clockstroke to chuck work off  
To speak what's in us out of the love of us.  
I hope you are convinced that you die Russel  
For a right cause.

RUSSEL.                      There never was a correcter.  
Christ died for the love of man do we do less.  
By dying for the love of land ? (Oh heaviest  
Of all hours this !)

REDMOND.                      I'm confident that Irishmen  
Ail over the world their condolence express,

RUSSEL.                      God bless them ! Ireland how we suffer for thee !

REDMOND.                      Oh Russel you go first and I go after.  
I'd rather I'd go first

RUSSEL.                      What's the diversity ?  
If we together or we separate go ?  
If we die separate we'll be dead together,  
If we together die, we'll be dead separate.  
I am prepared. Forever is the measure  
Of all things reckoned by the absence of them.  
Let me unburden me,—I'll flop her off,—  
It dropping stuns and tangles me in the mesh!

REDMOND.                      Well Russel 't will be over soon.

RUSSEL.                      Pretty soon.

REDMOND.                      Between the "twill be over" and "'t is over"  
What a bridge of sighs !

RUSSEL. An uno'erpassabble!  
REDMOND. Anyway manhood. Dont losc your head though.  
RUSSEL. That's  
A grim pun, we'll lose our heads sure enough.  
REDMOND. Put up a firm left at the right step.  
RUSSEL. What  
Can we but that?  
REDMOND. We can no more than that.  
'Tis destined by the supreme powers of fate  
That, the rake off, the toiler from the lea  
Must to his homestead sooner or later.  
RUSSEL. The mounting up to the—that's the hottest.  
REDMOND. Once mounted no dismounting  
RUSSEL. Have n't  
Our relative found some sort of an orifice  
To squeeze us through.  
REDMOND. All exit's been plugg'd.  
No artifice avails, for the commissioner  
Are unimportuneably unflexible.  
RUSSEL. Then  
Embrace Redmynd, for we are to die!  
REDMOND. Embrace, embrace Russel for the the final!  
RUSSEL. Good-bye!  
REDMOND. Good-bye! though in God's Erin  
We part never to meet this makes us sore.  
In God's you Erin we'll meet to part ne'ermore!  
*Enter Hangman and soldiers  
who seize Redmond and Russel and  
lead them off. Exeunt.*

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SCENE 2. *Before the Iron Gate of Robert Emmet's  
cell. Behind the bars Emmet discovered.*

*Enter McVickar and McGregor before  
the grating followed oy Bartley  
with keye.*

BARTLEY. The Lord-lieutenant by virtue of petitions,—  
Donates to Robert Emmet freedom, so—  
His relatives may interview with him  
Till now.

- McVICKAR. Thanks corporal,  
MCGREGOR. God's bounty on thee,  
BARTLEY. Opened  
The gate I have, make good the opportunity  
With prisoner Emmet. *Exit.*  
*Enter Emmet from the cell.*  
McVicar. Oh nephew, nephew  
To what we're witness!  
McGregor. Woe the day of that year  
It ever came round!  
McVickar. We came to say good-bye  
But we cannot say it.  
Emmet. Let it remain unsaid.  
This show of fellow-feeling from my relatives  
In the bleak season of inveterate grief  
Is like the orange-colored dawn o'morning  
That after charcoal chacoal night profusely glows,—  
It is of love the imperial tributary.  
It is the kindling of immortal sympathy  
That burns in lamps of associateship.  
McGregor. Dear nephew,  
In our heart's dormitory found anxiety  
An ingress ever since we knew you.—How  
The eyes of our eyes in deluge wallow'd regards you  
During and at the trial.—How do you find yourself?  
Emmet. I find myself as I left myself.  
McVickar. With what feeling?  
Emmet. Quite comfortable.  
McGregor. Are you placid at soul?  
Emmet. Why should I not be?  
I've broke no panes, hurt no one. What's news?  
McVickar. Everything 's as usual.  
Emmet. I'm glad. Tell me McVickar  
Have O'Sheill and O'Sullivan gone my road?  
Has Russel and has Redmond gone my way?  
McVickar. Alas that bleak direction they have taken  
Teey wished you well even then.  
McGregor. Oh they prayed ever

For the weal of their survivors, themselves scantily.

Emmet. Apparently apparently.—How's my mother?

McVickar. (aside) Inform him not of her.

McGregor. (aside) I see not how.

Emmet. Is she still ill?

McGregor. (aside) How can I answer him?

Emmet. Will you not tell me?

McGregor. (aside) I know Robert, you  
Would like to see your mother.

Emmet. Oh what not,

What not, would I donate to see her!

McGregor. Then

In short, you'll see her this same day. Alas  
Up to her chest immersed in cares and worries  
Calmly she stretched her arms out to the Rock.  
Almost with the last of breath, she faintly asked  
"I want to see my Bobby, I want to see my Bobby".  
"The wish of her cherish'd dream, her Bobby-a-Roon".  
Peace to her on God's soil, she had scant below.  
And I a man—Oh it just cut slices off me.  
'Tis seldom that I weep, but these circumstance  
Pinn'd me for good. We buried her at St. Kevin,  
The nearest and farthest attending. I held it fitting  
Since you evoked it out, you knew of it  
Before you too get off this station. And so—  
I see you burry the face in the kerchief—come,—  
Brace up lad, bear it over and forget not  
That death's a hush to those whose life has been  
A hallobaloo. Trouble no more her spirit  
She's exempt from that. Once the river across  
The oars lag idle.—

Emmet. Why 't is a winsome epic

Might not one gifted with the pen a theme

With overskimming sympathy evoke

The frenzy of pity, dont you think he might?

McGregor. Alas, what shall I say but that he might?

Emmet. Oh two-fold rip! Oh duplicate affliction!

Why am I as young and suffer so?

Emmet. Oh God have mercy on me. My poor mother !

McGregor. Dont Bob, dont now—

McVickar. Be a good chap Robert.

McGregor. It cant be remedied.

McVickar. Be assuaged.

McGregor. Tush, tush.

Emmet. Mother of son plucked, the son of that mother  
Under the same chipper, both voyageward.  
God's laws will her's, man's laws will mine.  
Uncle McGregor and uncle McVickar—  
Allude to her no more, for I trust  
That I and mother will each other meet  
Ere to-might's sun sets.—But hark ! whose pleading  
(noise within) voices ?

McGregor. Where hear you voices ?

Emmet. Is it not the King's Dragons ?

McGregor. I devine the negative. (McVicar cries loud.

Emmet. McVickar there  
Buried in the sod of tears and for my sake ?  
Whatever's the matter ? you're indisposed I perceive.  
Trust me uncle I've much concern for you  
It will your veteran disposition sacrifice  
If you exceed in that, the which in arrears  
This fellow-feeling hoze will not thus irrigate  
Nor as suffusive.

McVickar. Oh but to lose you thus

In much the same way as the flesh is cut  
Remorselessly slashes.

Emmet. Lop that with tolerance gloss.

The world is quite poignant at demonstrance  
Which the non-partizan concern. It is  
Humane alone from the eye's campaign to donate  
A fallen candidate, no more than 't were  
An eye of lumber it, would plane off splinters  
Of shaveling.—Spruce me for such a graft  
We would have darnel, as make it o'ersudden  
Even for a haruspex.

McVickar. A lasting lasting good-bye.

My nephew Emmet. Break hearth but its tough !

Emmet. Oh McVickar, McVickar !

McVickar. Oh Emmet, Emmet !

McGregor. Imagine me thy father I say good-bye my son.

Emmet. One glance,—one clasp,—

McGregor. Christ Jesus stand you by !

Emmet. Forget,—forgive,—

McVickar. Oh can we, can we ever !

Emmet. Kind uncles—

McGregor. I cannyt see the door anymore  
The tears they blind me.

McVickar. We'll keep you in memory.

Emmet. At the scaffold boys.

McGregor. Ne'er worry, we'll be there

In St. Thomas Street.—

McVickar. Expect us.

Emmet. These voices again.  
*noice within.*

McGregor. It sounds at it were a young woman's in entreaty.

Sarah. (within) It is he, it is he, Oh let me pass !

Emmet. Familiar outcry !

Sandys. [within] Debar her !

Severs. [within] Stop her !

Emmet. Christ-resurrect !

Staircase of my endurance collapse not.

Oh dilapidated stairlanding of my endless

Ceaseless affliction hold me that while till I

Endure Sarah's stepping-up to me and I

The stepping down.

McGregor. [aside] 'Tis Sarah !—

McVickar. [aside] Curran's daughter !

Sarah. [within] Officers !

Oh let me pass Oh let me only pass !

*Enter Sarah Curran flying from*

*Majors Sandys and Severs. Hardwicke and  
prison-officers and sister-of-charity following.*

Emmet. [aside] The final lines of my life's soliloquy

Here first begins.

McVickar. [to Sarah] Sarah Curran be resigned

It is God's own decree.

McGregor. [to Sandys] Unto what purpose  
Was she admitted?

Sandys. [to McGregor] The appeals of her effeminating  
So I the earl permitting, entrance let.

Severs. [aside] I wish I was away I'd like to avoid it.

Hardwicke. Majors, hither to the corridor and consult me.

McVickar. In features stained from dusty tearfalls, see  
She now approaches him, as aside shrugs he.  
Oh unripe quantity o'erripe of quality  
Witness it Mac, witness it. *(all draw to the back ground.)*

Sarah. This then's the condition Sarah finds her Robert?  
Oh her misfortune, Oh her disappointment!  
She sees it all, she sees it sees it all.  
Love's battle's o'er, slaughtered lie the memories  
That of infatuation's strife partook.  
Despair, his guidon hoists and o'er the frontier  
Where expectation had rigged up his tenting  
Disappointment taps his bivouac on the massacred.

McVickar. [aside] Her tears garrot him!

McGregor. Visibly.

Sarah. Yes Robert  
Night-time her awning lowers. Adieu, adieu.  
Accept that hand that thought you truer far  
Than ever lass thought lad. But Oh false trust,  
Amalgam thy bust was, alloy thy crest.  
Who would have thought, who could have, should have  
though

That this should be the end of us and here!

McVickar. [aside] Her tears their liquid chests burst.

McGregor. [aside] In Robert  
Their flood induntate him.

McVickar. [aside] In both a tearful  
Destillery has opened.

Sarah. Had I anticipated  
What aggravation befell you seriously  
I'd have unhesitatingly exerted  
Influence the utmost as might your incumbency

Relief afforded. But you had, as it were  
 Drawn secret's curtain deftly o'er all  
 And ne'er to me unbosomed the circumstances  
 The which had you divulged but opportune  
 I would have met you at Rathfarnham Road  
 As you appointed had in correspondence,  
 Where, interviewed I'd left with you for Ame  
 Long since. Ay had this been as we hoped  
 We might have never seen this hapless instance,  
 Our hopeful seconds were part of that minute still  
 As our hours of love were part of that day  
 And were these days but destined to be years  
 This hour this day descried us had united.

McVickar. (aside) His chest she splinters.

McGregor. (aside) Into bits fractures.

Sarah. We would have been wedded long long  
 I'd have furnished me a bridal veil of azure  
 A nuptial gown of buff your favorite pigment  
 And arm in arm to the porochial  
 We sauntered had together. By this time  
 The knot had long been tied. For Oh you know  
 How I have fasted, hungered to marry you.  
 Alas the change! I wish my sight a cataract  
 I might be spared to view the alteration.  
 The hangman the pastor's chasuble  
 The scaffold's wooding has the altar's matting  
 In lieu of wedding chimes death's sexton tolls  
 The burial curfew with murder-stirring clang!

Emmet. Darling! darling!

McGregor. (aside) He speaks to her at last?

Emmet. My own!—

My little daisy trampled underfoot  
 By me, me, me, me!

Sarah. Sarah cant carry it through,  
 Sarah cant; let her perish on that bosom's pillow  
 Where her hopes fell a-dozing, [*falls in Emmet's arms*]

Sandys (aside) Piteous

Severs. (aside) The tear-price's high.

Sandys. (aside) For the heart's mart to bid.

Hardwicke (aside)

Thus

With all of Ireland's juvenile revolutionists  
The common scene.

McVickar. (to McGregor) In vain unfortunate Emmet  
Attempts to soothe her, she is tight about him.  
From out the quay of their affectionate waters  
That launched with gay streamers, the barge's stranded  
And the billows beat the corpses on fate's reef.  
How many times do we conceive our future  
Full of elution and successes rosy  
When of a sudden the horizon beclouds  
Our rainbow expectations.

McGregor. [to McVickar] Truest often.  
How fitting for the isle of sorrow are  
The disappointed girls and boys. Their tears  
Enough to raise the tide of St. Georges,—  
Adown their countenance at random drip.  
Misfortune's punctual there, for of that exercise  
Robert and Sarah have their plentitude.

McVickar. (to McGregor) Oh dreary truth whatever the motive of it!  
Nay to whose fault the cause of disappointment  
Imputed might be, it must be looked into  
As well as round about. Both of them have  
To that exertion their indulgence strained  
Unconscious of the brambles in the hedge  
Whereon the sweat o' the heart a surplus countered  
That it hath snapped abruptly off amidst them  
And left them contused and lacerate.

Emmet. Disappointed  
Have I thee, made you browse on wildmoss  
Made the air-brake screech unbecoming,  
All all my fault, forsake me, cashier me  
As a worthless culprit.

Sarah. Oh my Bobby mine  
I thought you love'd Sarah.

Emmet. Witness God Almighty  
With what a dying hope I loved. Unfortunate

Of all were we. There's that lock of thy hair  
Thou gavest me for keepsakes. Loved thee? Thee  
Sarah I loved as I did my mother earth.  
A scaffold's donored me for loving Ireland  
And a scaffold thy devotion. Fatality  
Impending for the likes of ours 'Tis bitterest  
As when I gaze in those blue waters thine  
Ant note therein the wreckage, galling 'tis.  
Forever will I pine as Pythias  
Bewailed her Damon. I loved thee too intimately  
To let thee off indifferently. So let  
The grave but give thee the tumulus and slab  
I'll dig into the ground I warrant thee  
Wed thee on the scaffold sleep with thee in God's Acre  
Till I rehabilitate thee. For it was  
And I have ever trembled to arow it,  
In secrecy I had oonceived of thee.  
Calling on me you told me that you loved me  
I cared not then for I was young I trifled  
But you persisted then at last for love's sake  
I encouraged you and then I felt instinctively  
An unspeakable desire to tell thee Bobby  
That I cared for thee. Ay such has been my training.  
Oh what a hard training it has been for me  
With hand-wrings and heart-strings up to rupturing!  
Oh what excuse Oh what apology  
Can I before you offer but that I  
Mean the extremest. Alas! you were a vestal  
In thy devotion for affection, I scarcely  
Had half revealed how fain I idolized you.  
It was not with an instant's rapid impulse  
But 't was the faithful ebb of deep desire  
That surged past hazard's cape whose pending menace  
Meant to affinity's current reefy navigating  
But which my arm of trust did pilot past.  
Merit you know I sought not, for myself  
Praise would I have from lips of fawners hissed  
And Oh and Oh could I have pluck'd by the gullet

Sarah.

Emmet.

The minute from the hour to testify  
 To only the rectitude, your husband was  
 Respected by the world the rather than  
 Being executed a convict. Ever dear Sarah  
 There have been moments in my brief immurement  
 When wedged in groan regards you that I oft  
 Wished I was welled-in inartesiand'd depths  
 Rather than you survive love-disappointed  
 Hope-insulted. But thou shalt rally yet  
 My devotee, rally and with the carmine streak  
 That tinctures the wan moonlight of thy devotion  
 Look sadly at Bob's hearse. I am obliged  
 To let you off immediately for I am  
 Enroute towærd another clime, my luggage  
 And equipage awaiting me. But yet ere  
 I disembrace, dont weep child and dont cry—  
 A once more of a never again ! Good-bye, —good-bye !

*tears himself away from Sarah  
 she after. and attendants rush  
 between.*

Sarah. So soon, so soon !

Hardwicke. Have her to a waiting room  
 Led off and into.

Sandys. Good lady our office  
 Bids us we escort you—

Sarah. I wont, I wont go !

Severs. Persuade her major.

Sandys. Mark, but she resists.

Severs. From the attendants and the sisters-of-merry  
 And ourselves, in Earl Hardwicke's name,  
 We do entreat it—

Sarah. Tear me not

From Bobby-a-Roon, tear me not from Bobby !

Hardwicke. Form a procession through the cell-gate out!

ENTER a Hangman.

And up St. Thomas Street.—Majors remain  
 In attendance to Sarah Curran.

Sarah. Give me

Back Robert Emmet, give me back my Emmet—

McVickar. Her Robert hers !

McGregor.

His Sarah his

Sarah.

My ! my !

*The attendants form a group with  
Emmet in the middle, McVickar and McGregor  
by his side and as the cell-gate opens  
they pass out. Gates slowly shutting.*

Sarah. *(struggling with the majors)*

Hands, bite your fingers, hairs tear your stems root out,  
You sudden pallbearers aside from the front of me!  
Leave me join him whose I was and am, I'll vouch  
My featly though the consequence.

*they release her.*

Sandys. Keep vigil at the gate.

Severs. One end you the other I.

Sarah. Combined up to the scaffold we'll ascend.

I care not to live alone for any zeal.

Smilex and hazel and holly, what are ye

Good for, whom gnaws the vermin? Shorn of

The estate of promise fall on thy knees tenure

Wallow in the plea of a foreclosure leap off

The paropet uninvestiture, exchange

The alder for the myrtle, Hold aloof

The shutting of the gate, Ill hang on that,

As 't were a crossbeam I will hang on that,

I, the immured caved-in mashed-on Sarah,—

(A slit on the pulley, ( derrick him on Calvary,—

His Mag'dalen will cling till the vail rend.

*tries to pass the gate, the majors intercept.*

Sandys. Severs relax on no account.

Severs.

Get away lass.

Sarah.

Remorseless, merciless, ruthless, return

My Bobby-a-Roon my pawned-off pledge. About

The lone crossroads of my love-fliction

Heartcracks perambulate across. Surrender

Upon condition that I'm quartered with him,

Him, my elect and my cherished. For what cause

Skirmish ye and jam my heart's flesh ? Undraw there

That bolt sir, ungate it by a haul. I'll try  
Whether I'll be able to master that much iron.

*wrangles with the majors, who  
tears themselves away and slip back  
of the gate. Exeunt. Cries of men  
and women without.*

Sarah. That stunning roar ! from St. Thomas Street emanating.  
Awful God Almighty spare my endeared.  
What millstone's that rolling ? let me toward  
For the one and final time or I crash myself  
The wall against, the floor through ! I'll rave—  
I'll bite, I'll tear, I'll rip, I'll maim, I'll—  
I'll wail, I'll wallow, I'll growl, I'll schreech, I'll—  
Och Bobby, Bobby, Bobby ! Och ! Och ! Och ! Och !

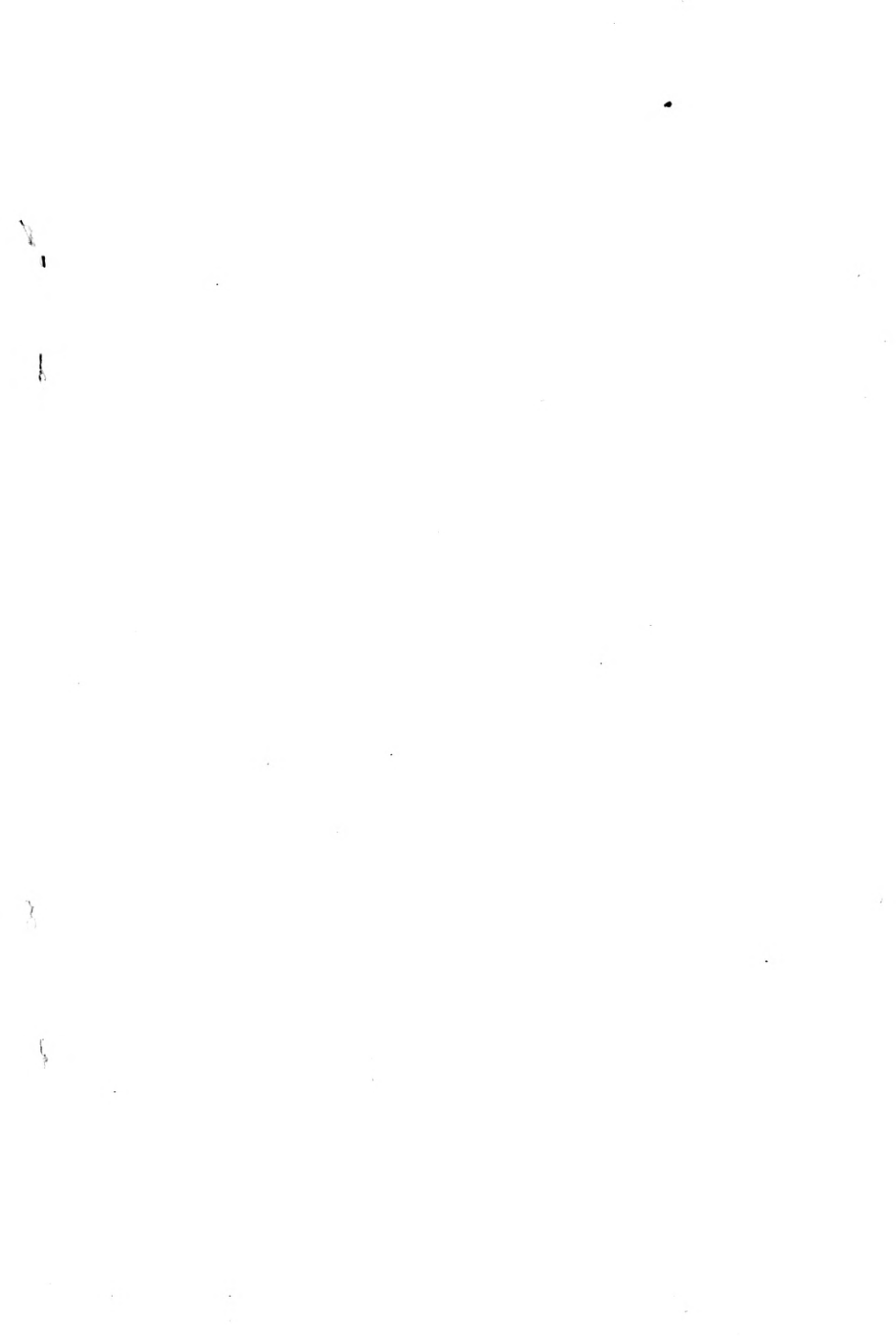
*(falls prostrate in the middle of stage).*

*A pause. Cries without. The gates re-open and  
Enter the Hangman with the head of Robert Emm  
a concourse of people following in back.*

Hangman. (shouting)  
That's the head of Robert Emmet ! A rioter  
According to the English of England, to  
The Irish of Ireland a hero accordingly !

*(Gates close).*





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